

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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THE LAST VOYAGE OF SHACKLETON

SHACKLETON'S LAST QUEST

EXPLORER GOES OUT TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN

Tragic Ending of a Brave Life of Triumph

SILENT VOYAGE HOME

Shackleton has gone on his last Quest. He died on his little ship on the fifth day of this year, and the news has come late through the breakdown of the wireless on the Quest.

It is a sad and poignant piece of news, the loss of this great hero.

The end of his triumphant life of exploring came with startling suddenness. One night the leader of the Quest was unwell; at half-past three the next morning, when off South Georgia, he sank rapidly and passed within three minutes out into the vast Unknown.

The body was transferred to a passing steamer and then to Monte Video, where it was received with national honours before its silent voyage home.

Getting Near the South Pole

Shackleton was an adventurer born. He passed his childhood by the sea. His birthplace was a village on the Atlantic coast of Ireland, where his father was a doctor; the sea was the element he chose when he had to determine how he would earn his living. He went into the merchant service as an apprentice, saw the world, got the habit of roving, and felt a longing to enlarge the boundaries of the known globe.

His first chance to explore came in 1901. He was 27 then, and he managed to get appointed third officer of the Discovery, the ship in which Scott went to the Antarctic. Two years later he was home again, invalided after a bad attack of scurvy. He hated to return, but he had no choice in the matter, though he began at once to lay plans for another expedition, to be undertaken and commanded by himself.

By 1907 he had got together a crew and enough money to start in the Nimrod. Little fuss was made about his start, little trouble was taken to get news from him. For two years he was forgotten. Then suddenly he became famous. He had penetrated to within a hundred miles of the South Pole.

Great Story of Endurance

The story he had to tell was one of magnificent endurance and determination. The ponies on which the Polar party relied for the transport of their provisions over the rugged icefields, up the ice-mountains, across immense glaciers, died one after another till all were gone. Then the men dragged the sleighs themselves, and, but for their supplies running short, owing to the extra time they took after the ponies were all gone, they would have reached the Pole. As it was, they got very near. His position might now have been

Shackleton's Farewell



Sir Ernest Shackleton has passed away amid the cold Antarctic seas he loved so well. Here we see him waving farewell to London as he set out on his last Quest

thought highly enviable. He was sufficiently well-off, considering his simple way of life; he was one of his country's heroes. But he could never be content with an uneventful life. His view, as he told the C.N., was that no true Briton ought to be content with civilisation. He should be always looking across the seas to fields of new adventure.

So, in 1914, just as war broke out, he started for the Antarctic again. The Admiralty, when he offered himself and his crew and his ship for war service, telegraphed to him "Proceed." He obeyed, and for another two years disappeared into the Great South. His expedition was not unfruitful, in spite of disaster. A good deal that was new was learned about the Antarctic.

As for Shackleton's lectures, they were immensely popular. He had a delightfully easy, unconventional way on the platform. He talked to his audiences as if they were parties of his friends, and the crowds he attracted showed well that what the public wants is not a vulgar play or sensational pictures. He was full of fun.

But again success and a quiet, comfortable life palled upon him. He longed to be once more in the great, white, silent, sun-steeped spaces, where, as he said once, "he felt that, even when he was by himself, he was not alone; there was an unseen presence with him." He planned a new voyage.

This time he found an old schoolfellow who had grown rich enough to fit out his expedition. With his ship, the Quest, he was entirely satisfied. One of his last letters to his friend said:

"Should anything happen it will have nothing to do with anything wrong in the ship. *The ship is all right.*"

And then he quoted two lines which ought to be put on his tomb when his body is buried in England, a fitting epitaph for one whose life was a grand struggle for knowledge, a stirring fight with all the obstacles that stood in a working boy's way:

Never for me the lowered banner,
Never the lost endeavour.

The banner of that true knight never was lowered; no endeavour of that eager spirit was lost.

THE ICE-BRIDGE AT NIAGARA

WHY IT IS CLOSED TO TRAVELLERS

Dramatic Scene of Terror at the Falls

PATHETIC ENDING OF THREE LIVES

An ice-bridge having been formed below Niagara Falls, large numbers of people have been to see the striking sight of the Falls in winter, when the spray falling over the cliffs beside them is frozen in tremendous icicles.

It was possible some years ago to walk along these ice-bridges reaching out below the roaring waters, but this is now forbidden, owing to the tragedy of the winter of 1912, when three people were drowned.

A C.N. boy whose family were friends of these unfortunate people sends us an interesting account of this pathetic tragedy.

Bridge Cracks and Breaks Away

In 1912 (he says) the frost was extremely severe. An ice-bridge formed, and, as usual, a large number of people came from the districts round. A few days afterwards the weather moderated, but the ice-bridge showed no signs of breaking. One Sunday, about noon, the bridge suddenly cracked and began to break away from the sides of the river where it was moored.

There was great excitement. Everyone who was on the bridge, except a man, his wife, and a boy, managed to jump off. The boy was on a different piece of ice, and not near the other two, and for him there was no chance at all. But for the other two, as the mass of ice moved slowly on toward the sucking and gurgling whirlpool, the onlookers from the bridge down the river managed to procure a rope.

As the ice-floe reached the first bridge the rope was let down; but, to the horror of the crowd, it was too short.

Rushing Toward the Whirlpool

There was one more chance of saving the terrified couple, for there was one more bridge before the whirlpool was reached. Length after length of rope was added to the first, until it was thought to be sufficiently long; and, as the ice-floe went under the second bridge, the man caught the suspended rope and managed to tie it round his wife.

Then he grasped the rope himself and the men on the bridge began to haul, slowly, hand over hand.

It seemed that all would yet be well, when, alas! a loud moan burst from both the victims and the lookers-on, for the rope had snapped. Faster and faster went the ice-floe toward the hungry whirlpool, with both victims on their knees, uttering a last prayer. The whirlpool drew them nearer and nearer, and at last they were drawn into the waters, never to be seen again.

EGYPT'S GREAT HOPE AN INDEPENDENT STATE Children of Pharaoh to Rule Themselves END OF THE PROTECTORATE

A year ago, six months ago even, there were three dark clouds in the British political sky. Those clouds hung over Ireland, India, and Egypt.

Today the Irish cloud has disappeared; the sun of goodwill has dispersed it. And that same kindly agent with its rays of light and warmth—the light of reason and the warmth of confidence—is now, we hope, going to scatter the cloud over Egypt. The British Government is willing to recognise Egypt as an independent State, with proper safeguards for her safety and the interests of the British dominions.

It is the misfortune of governments that they rarely submit to necessity with a good grace, but in spite of the troubles there have lately been in Egypt, those who, with Robert Browning, refused to believe that

Though right were worsted,

Wrong would triumph,

are being justified of their faith. Wisdom seems likely in the long run to prevail.

Looking to the Future

It might have prevailed eighteen months ago if Lord Milner's report had been adopted, but the opportunity passed, and the state of the country grew worse and worse.

Now another plan is being prepared. Lord Allenby, High Commissioner in Egypt, whose good sense is likely to be of great value, has returned home to consult the Government, and his advice is on the prudent, liberal side. It is clearly impossible to go on controlling Egypt under martial law, as we have done for seven years. Conciliation is in the air, and we may now look forward to the Egyptians enjoying a future more prosperous than any of their pasts, famous though these have been.

While England was inhabited by savages of a primitive type, Egypt had a high and complicated civilisation, splendid art and architecture, a leading position among the nations of the world.

Pride of Place

When Egypt came under the domination of the Sultan of Turkey it fell from its proud place, as all countries have done when subjected to that disastrous rule. Its troubles were increased by the extravagance of its Khedives; it was to save it from ruin that Britain took it over.

Lord Cromer put the country financially on its feet, the land was governed well, and the mass of the people were contented. But gradually there grew up the desire for self-government, and during the war, when it was urged that the rights of small nationalities should be recognised, the Egyptians looked forward to recovering their independence. It is the disappointment of that hope which has aroused such ill-will.

Arranging Safeguards

Now the Government is willing to end the British Protectorate and grant independence if safeguards can be arranged. The chief difficulty is to decide how to allow Britain the possibility of sending troops through the Suez Canal to defend India, a right considered especially necessary in view of the disturbed state of India. But if we can find a means of allaying the disturbances, and settling India as well as Egypt and Ireland, then we may suppose that troops will not be needed in any large numbers; and, in any case, it is not expected that there will be any great difficulty.

SHACKLETON'S CALL TO OUR BOYS

A good friend of the C.N. was Sir Ernest Shackleton. One of the last things he was heard to say before he went away was, "What a jolly little paper the Children's Newspaper is! My wife and I read it every week before giving it to the children." It is nearly two years since the C.N. printed the explorer's stirring call to the Front Line Boys of England, and we make no apology for reprinting it here. Shackleton was talking to a C.N. correspondent in the days when he was planning the expedition of the Quest.

Once, when things were at their darkest and death by slow starvation seemed certain, Shackleton overheard the following conversation between two of his men:

"I don't think we'll get through," said one voice.

"That's the Boss's look-out," came the rejoinder.

It brought home to him afresh, not only the responsibility of leadership, but its loneliness.

"Leadership," he said, "is a fine thing, but it has its penalties. And the greatest penalty is loneliness."

"You feel you must not tell your men everything?"

The Cheerful Men

"You often have to hide from them," he said, "not only the truth, but your feelings about the truth. You may know that the facts are dead against you, but you mustn't say so. One thing only makes Antarctic leadership possible, and that's loyalty. The loyalty of your men is the most sacred trust you carry. It is something which must never be betrayed, something you must live up to."

I asked him about his men.

"No words," he replied, "can do justice to their courage and their cheerfulness. To be brave cheerily, to be patient with a glad heart, to stand the agonies of thirst with laughter and song, to walk beside Death for months and never be sad—that's the spirit that makes courage worth having. I loved my men."

"Suppose you had all the boys of Britain before you, what would you like to say to them?"

Britain's Front Line

"I think," he replied, "that if I had such a splendid audience as that before me I should begin by telling them what is the most solemn truth of our situation, namely, that the fortunes of Britain are in their hands. Never before has so tremendous a responsibility come into the hands of boyhood."

"It may seem hard at first, but they'll be all the better for it afterwards. Death came before its time to their elder brothers; they must not complain that stern duty comes to them before they are men. What is that duty? It is the duty of hurrying up to take the places of their fallen brothers. Britain needs them."

"The first thing for them to learn is the value of loyalty. Let them look at their games: can any team or side hope to win a match if every member composing it is not loyal to the general interest? Life is like that."

Rules of the Game of Life

"Some people say it is wrong to regard life as a game. I don't think so. Life to me means the greatest of all great games. The danger lies in treating it as a trivial game, a game to be taken lightly, and a game in which the rules don't matter much. The rules matter a great deal. The game has to be played fairly, or it is no game at all. And even to win the game is not the chief end. The chief end is to win it honourably and splendidly. To this chief end several

things are necessary. Loyalty is one. Discipline is another. Unselfishness is another. Courage is another. Optimism is another. And Chivalry is another.

"I go so far as to say that Britain must suffer frightful things unless the present generation of youth is striving with all its might to fit itself for this great game of life. The strain has begun, but its maximum is to come."

"It is like our experience in the Antarctic. Our ship found herself in summer time among unexpected ice."

Locked in the Ice

"We charged into it, cut our way through, and slowly forced a passage toward the new land of our search. But the ice thickened. It closed us round in a ring. We were a part of it."

"Our last hope, and a desperate one, was that the ice might carry us into open water. This hope was not fulfilled. The ice thickened. The pressure began. For weeks the Endurance stood that titanic pressure. We blessed the shipwright at home whose work had indeed been well and truly done: no better ship ever encountered so stoutly such overwhelming antagonism on the part of Nature. But the pressure continued, and finally the Endurance cracked."

Our Little British Ship

"Well, I feel now as I felt in those days when I listened to the pressure of the ice. I seem to hear now as I heard then the distant roaring of gigantic forces all around this little ship which is our British home. Will Britain stand the strain? Will she hold her own against the pressure of the world on every side of her? She has lost the flower of her youth. The boys coming up to work from school, with ambitious and brave hearts, and all the discipline learned in school games, have been mown down by the scythe of War. Those who were children then are now becoming men. What sort of men? Only the pressure of the world can decide that question."

When the Fog Lifts

"I am sure that loyalty is not enough. I hate sentimentality, but I believe in sentiment. I should like to think that all the boys of England were inspired by the sentiment of their country's greatness, that they loved England, and were ready to suffer for her. People are asking for ease and comfort. The Briton's longing for hardships seems to be out of fashion. That's bad. Civilisation ought never to content the true Briton. He should be always looking to fields of new adventure."

I asked him if he had any feeling for the beauty of the countryside.

He smiled very openly. "I like it," he said, "for about two hours. But I like the savage for always. Pastoral scenery is all right for getting your butter and roast mutton; but it's the other kind of scenery that challenges the best in a man's soul. I can't tell you what it means to an explorer marching through a fog in a new land when suddenly the fog lifts and he finds himself looking at mountains no human eye has ever seen."

SURPRISING EVENTS TERRIBLE DISASTER AT WASHINGTON

Kinema Roof Falls in Under
Heavy Snow

TRAIN PERILS

However carefully we take precautions against accident, we are always at the mercy of the unexpected, the unforeseen, the apparently unpreventable.

Who would ever have imagined that a kinema theatre could have its roof broken in by the weight of snow? Regulations are made to prevent fire, to guard against panic and overcrowding, to ensure that the walls are strong enough to support the roof. Now it will be necessary to see that roofs themselves are stronger—at all events in Washington.

The American climate prepared an awful disaster when a blizzard raged for many hours and covered the city with two feet of snow. Just after nine, when the "second house" at one of the largest picture palaces had begun to enjoy itself, cracking was heard from above. Before those who noticed it could discover its cause, the roof fell with a fearful crash, and over a hundred people were killed.

No less unexpected was the accident to a London and North-Western train. Somehow the footplate on the engine worked loose. Another train passing at express speed tore it off and flung it against a carriage window. Damage was done to both trains, and the man sitting by the window was killed outright. No blame, it appeared, could be laid on anybody. It was just a mishap, one of the unforeseen mysterious occurrences of our complicated mechanical life. But it seems only a month or two since a piece of iron was flung through the window of a train, and on that occasion, too, a passenger was killed.

NATURE MUSIC

Like Summer on a Gloomy Day

BETTY GOODDEN AND HER
CLEVER FINGERS

If you should be in London some cold, rainy afternoon, with the barometer falling fast, the mud splashing in the gutters, and the street lamps glittering long before tea-time; and if you should turn on such a day into Steinway Hall, and seem to fancy that you hear a babbling brook, or catch a glint of sunlight, or feel the soft breath of a summer wind; and if there should seem to be flitting past a host of butterflies and lovely moths with gauzy wings; if you should seem to hear the tide move slowly up, or catch the lilt of some joyous sound in an English wood, or feel that there are larks above the hayfield—if you should turn into a dream like this from some cold, rainy London street, it will be Betty Goodden's fingers on her beloved piano.

We found it so the other day; we found Miss Goodden sitting there, choosing such pieces as have souls within their notes, and playing them as if the keys were truthfully for her the keys of Heaven.

Happy, indeed, the child who learns of her, to whom music comes through ways so bright and so original. We wish that we were young again, or that, being young no more, a day had another hour in it, that we might learn from Miss Goodden what music, sweet music, is.

SHIP'S HUGE CHAIN

2000 Lives Depending
on a Link

THE CHEERFUL SMITHY

Under the spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.

Sir William Ellis gave a thrilling lecture the other day at the Iron and Steel Institute on the modern development of the blacksmith's art. The village blacksmith who forges a horseshoe is carrying on the same art as the ten-thousand-ton hammer used in the forging of giant steel crank-shafts for mammoth ships.

The terrible effects that might result from a careless blacksmith's work were instanced by the importance of every link in the chain of a ship's anchor. The anchor chains of the Lusitania were 330 fathoms long—nearly 2000 feet—and the massive links made each chain weigh 125 tons. Every link had to be carefully welded at the proper temperature.

Such work as this requires infinite care, for in no case is the saying truer that the chain is only as strong as the weakest link. On every single link in such a chain the safety of a giant vessel and the lives of perhaps 2000 people may depend.

Replacing the Anvil

The earliest blacksmith's forges known were holes in the side of hills, and these were known as "bloomeries." Then, to make the little fire hotter by means of a draught of air, men found out how to use a jet of air from a bladder of goat skin; and in the fourth century the Romans invented the bellows.

Today huge ingots of steel are heated in furnaces, and the blacksmith's anvil and hammer have been replaced by the hydraulic forging press, where the hammer wielded by the strong arm of the sturdy smith becomes, instead, a hammer equal in weight to one of thousands of tons.

But, in spite of the hydraulic press, the village smithy continues to serve its useful purpose, and will do so as long as horses are used. There is one other use for the blacksmith: he is always ready to mend a child's broken hoop, and so the C.N. hopes that he and his jolly smithy will never disappear.

A NOTE FROM KUALA LUMPUR

What Things are Like in the
F. M. S.

One of our readers, who lives at Kuala Lumpur, the capital of the Federated Malay States, complains that we have not yet given any information about her adopted country, so she repairs the omission.

The people are Malays, Chinese, Indians, and Eurasians. The climate is very hot, but she likes Malaya much.

The industries are tin mining and rubber planting, but trade is very bad, just now.

She and her younger brother go to the Chinese Girls' School, but her older brother goes to the Methodist Boys' School, where there are over 700 boys and he is the only European.

She encloses this public notice by the Mosquito Destruction Board about the particular kind of mosquito, the anopheles, which produces malaria. Thus:

If you have malaria in your household anopheles are almost certainly breeding near. Anopheles breed in streams, pools, and swamps. They do not breed in houses. When you find an anopheles in your house inform the Health Officer, who will search the vicinity and endeavour to get rid of them. Remember, 48 per cent. of the deaths from all causes in Federated Malay States were due to malaria, and if you do not kill the anopheles the anopheles will probably kill you.

Is it not a fine example of plain talking to simple people?

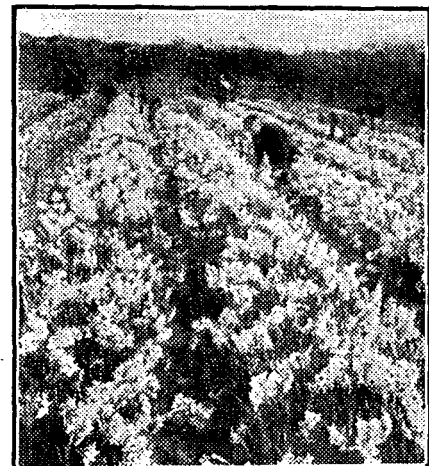
IN THE ISLANDS OF FLOWERS



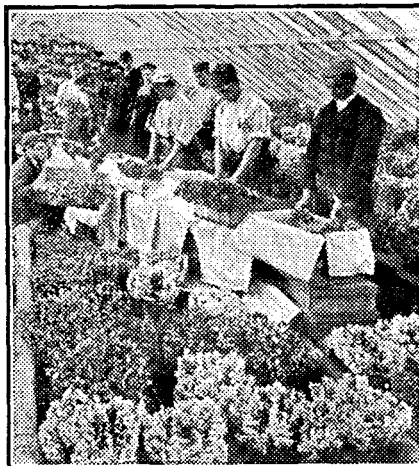
Schoolgirls planting bulbs in boxes



Girls and boys helping to harvest the Arum lilies



Gathering the jonquils



Packing the flowers for market



Taking a boat-load of flowers to the steamer

The Scilly Islands are the Garden of Britain, where millions of beautiful flowers are grown all the year round and sent to England. Flower growing is the main industry of the islands, and in these pictures we see the people busily engaged in gathering and preparing the flowers for the markets

BEYOND CIVILISATION

LIFE AS IT IS IN SOME
PLACES

The Camel Raiders of the Desert TRAVELLING FRIENDS WHO FOUGHT LIKE FOES

We forget sometimes, we who live amid all the conveniences and complications of an elaborately civilised society, that there are parts of the world where the conditions of primitive existence still prevail.

Only a few days' journey from the British Isles there happened the other day an exciting chase after a party of camel thieves. It was on the edge of the great Sahara Desert. From an Algerian settlement robbers belonging to another and a wilder tribe, the Touaregs, stole 150 camels and drove them across the sand as hard as they could.

Pursuit was made as soon as the loss had been discovered, but the raiders had a good start, and it was a long time before they were overtaken. Then they put up a fight. But they were no match for the Algerians, and were routed; the camels being recovered.

Tell-Tale Cloud of Dust

Farther away, in the mountains of Persia, the fear of robbers led not long ago—as was told by a lecturer to the Central Asian Society—to an amusing adventure, which might, however, have had painful consequences.

Two British surveyors were planning the track of a railway which will open up trade in grain with Persian farmers, and when they got into the mountains they were warned that bandits might attack them, and were given a dozen soldiers to protect them.

One day the party split up into two sections. Now that there were only half a dozen soldiers to each surveyor, a sharper look-out was kept, and when one party saw a cloud of dust, and then horsemen galloping, they made sure the robbers were upon them.

Strange Discovery

So they galloped also, and when they got to a sheltered position they dismounted and began to fire volley after volley, the other horsemen replying with equal energy.

However, they happened to be at a great distance from one another, about two miles, so that none of the bullets took effect, and this was fortunate, for there were no robbers in the neighbourhood at all; the two sections of the surveying party were exchanging fire, each supposing the other to be bandits!

How often in this world friends are mistaken for enemies!

THE SUGAR-CANE HOUSE

Something New from Chemistry

One of the great romances of modern science is the way in which the chemist is finding uses for waste materials.

A year or two ago half a million tons of sugar cane represented the annual refuse from the sugar factories of Louisiana; today houses are being built with a new material which can now be made of this waste sugar cane as the result of two years of experimental work.

Hitherto, after the sweet juice has been pressed out of the cane, the pulpy stalk has been burned, but by this new process it is sterilised and then beaten to a pulp. It is then compressed by a special machine, which rolls it out into sheets a sixth of a mile long.

Three or four bungalows can be built out of each one of these enormous sheets, and the peculiar quality of the sugar-cane house is that it is proof against both sound and heat, and so provides a quiet home which is cool in summer and warm in winter.

THE HOME WRECKED BY MITES

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

The Creeping Plague that May Cover a House

HOW TO PREVENT IT

By Professor Maxwell-Lefroy

In common with most newspapers, we published some weeks ago the story of a house in Cardiff overrun by mites.

The case was so remarkable that we looked into it, and, finding that the original reports were not quite accurate, we asked the great authority on insects, Professor Maxwell-Lefroy of South Kensington, to let us know the facts. This is his story.

A few weeks past there was an article in very many papers, and in the C.N., on mites that had eaten a home up, and, as I have seen this house, I thought perhaps an account would be interesting.

The home is a beautiful one, filled with beautiful things; it is the home all children want, a home to come back to, to live in, to think of when away; and this home has been destroyed.

Mites Everywhere

When I went to this house I saw nothing. There never were "masses of tiny creatures," as the papers said; but once tiny creatures erupted from a chair till they covered it with a dust of live mites such as we see in a cheese; and then these mites spread, and the horrid feeling grew that everywhere, at any time, wherever you might be, mites would crawl on you.

They are so small that you can barely see them; they creep on eight legs, and they may be on you, your clothes, your food, your furniture, your bed.

Think of it, and of the horror to a lady who had made a beautiful home, who wore dainty clothes, and could endure no more to live in the house for fear of the creeping plague.

These mites do no harm; they eat nothing and injure nothing; but they are small, soft, and creepy, and, unless you know they are there, you do not see them!

Cut Off from the World

We can all picture the horror of this. In one instance I know of no one would come to the house, or speak to the people, or ask them to their houses; the postman left the letters outside, the grocer's boy did the same with parcels; the people were absolutely cut off, and when the lady of the house infected her sister's house, even her own sister cut her off.

In the Cardiff house there is now, perhaps, not one mite alive, but the owners will not use the house again, and will need to make a home elsewhere, for the horror remains.

During the last ten years several cases of this kind have come to my notice, and I have had women on the border of hysterics come desperately for relief. In one case six years' battling with the plague had accomplished nothing; and we cured the case only with a single drastic fumigation.

The Unseen Pest

Fortunately most people cannot see the mite, and many thousands live quite happily with it all round them. It is a tiny round white speck that creeps along the chair arm or the table; it is most easily seen on a black table or cushion. It does nothing and destroys nothing, but to the clean housekeeper, proud of her home, it is loathsome.

Luckily, there is one cure, one preventative, and that is to keep the house dry and well ventilated. Nothing would have happened at the Cardiff house if one room had not been kept shut up, un-aired, for several months. The ordinary healthy, dry, aired, occupied house does not get mites.

WIRELESS DRAMA

SINKING SHIP'S CALL FOR HELP.

Race for Life Through Heavy Seas

THE HAPPY ENDING

The best kind of British tradition was upheld by the Australian cruiser Melbourne when it succeeded in rescuing the crew of a water-logged steamer, the Helen B. Sterling, in the teeth of fearful odds that only brave men could face.

When the seas began to gain upon the unhappy crew, in a ship no longer seaworthy, they sent out wireless calls for help. This was at 8 o'clock on a Sunday morning. Picking up the call, the Melbourne answered that she would reach the sinking vessel at 2.30 on Sunday afternoon.

Courage in Danger

The weather, however, was considerably worse than had been expected when the answer was sent. This both delayed the rescuer and made the position of the rescued more precarious. At 1.30 on Sunday afternoon the Helen B. Sterling despatched this desperate message: "Can't last another hour; seas sweeping right over us."

The Melbourne was already steaming as hard as possible. All she could do more was to encourage the men in peril to hold out. "Certain to reach you," was the cheering assurance given, "keep good heart."

To keep a good heart was not easy for a crew which seemed to be in danger of death at any moment. As night came on, and the Melbourne did not appear, they sent out a farewell. Just after this had been done their wireless instrument failed.

The Anxious Days

By Monday morning the people of Australia and New Zealand were following the race for men's lives with anxious excitement. The newspapers gave a prominent place to the story, and hour by hour the position of the Melbourne was published. By noon the suspense had become painful. News was waited for by crowds whose minds were divided between hope and fear. At last came the welcome announcement "Crew saved," and everyone rejoiced greatly.

Not until 8 o'clock on the Monday morning could the cruiser reach the sinking schooner. Then, before it could approach, oil had to be pumped on to the furious waves to make an artificial calm. In that calm the rescue was effected.

Thus the men who had looked into the eyes of Death at such close quarters were restored to life by the resolute energy of British seamanship transplanted to the other side of the globe. It is another proof of the fact that we are essentially a maritime race.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

A reputed Rembrandt painting	£2205
A portrait by Whistler	£360
Sixteen freehold cottages	£100
A Kashan carpet	£84
An Elizabethan Court cupboard	£68
A Georgian bookcase	£59
A Queen Anne toilet mirror	£40
A Queen Anne chest on stand	£39
A Book of Hours of 1509	£20

Two Bibles, said to be among the smallest in the world, one of them less than two inches high, were sold for 16s.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

Forest fires in Kenya not long ago caused £2,000,000 worth of damage.

Thirty people have lately sat down to dinner in the firebox of a huge boiler in New York.

Seven million British war medals have now been issued, and 228,767 other war decorations.

Over 200 old coins have been turned up in ploughing on a farm at Whitburn, in Linlithgowshire.

A Monster Fish

A sturgeon weighing three hundred-weights was caught off Sunderland, and was sold in Newcastle for £14.

Killed by Eggshell

Through eating the top of a boiled egg, without having removed the shell, a London boy has died in hospital.

British Statue for Washington

A Bristol statue of Edmund Burke has been removed and lent to an artist who is to make a copy of it for America.

On Nelson's Ship

While in dry dock at Portsmouth half a ton of cockles was removed from the timbers of Nelson's flagship, the Victory.

Waiting To Be Picked Up

A wallet containing nearly £30 has just been picked up on a railway footpath near Acton, after lying there about 18 months.

Losing 86,000,000 Days

During 1921 the number of working days lost through strikes and other industrial disputes in the United Kingdom was 86 millions.

Eight Golden Weddings

The golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Bagshaw, of Nuneaton, has just been celebrated. It is the eighth golden wedding in the family.

Catching Partridges in a Town

A number of partridges flew into the High Street of Ashford, Kent, the other day. One was caught in a shop and another at the fire station.

Last Year With the Lifeboats

The National Lifeboat Institution gave rewards last year for the rescue of over 400 lives, and its boats helped to save 20 vessels from destruction.

A Good Name Wanted

The International Labour Office at Geneva is suggesting names for arbitrators in labour cases that come before the Court of International Justice.

Draper Boy's Fortune

Lord Mount Stephen, the draper's apprentice of Aberdeen, who grew up to be one of the richest men in Canada, has left £750,000 to London hospitals.

Horror Not Wanted

The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University has refused permission for the performance in Oxford of the horrible Grand Guignol plays given in London.

Red Men Go to Law

The Cherokee Indians and their allied tribes have asked the Supreme Court of the United States to review their claims to a million acres in Eastern Texas.

Fishermen Burn Their Clothes

The crew of a fishing boat in distress in Cardigan Bay soaked their clothes in paraffin and lighted them as a signal of distress. They were rescued by the Pwllheli lifeboat.

Town Loses a Third of Its People

The town of Momadysh, in the Tartar Republic, formerly a part of Russia, lost a third of its population of 4000 in one week through epidemics of typhoid and other diseases.

Lost Through a Storm

It is reported that, owing to telephone wires breaking down in a recent storm, preventing Aberdeen fish merchants from receiving long-distance orders, the trade lost £20,000 in one day.

Argentine Sunday Schools

On the platform at the first National Sunday-school Convention in Argentina, recently held at Buenos Aires, was Dr. Thomson, a retired missionary, who started the first Spanish-speaking Sunday-school over fifty years ago.

HOLE IN THE STREET

AND WHAT IS HAPPENING DOWN THERE

The Entanglements Under London

BED OF THE RIVER FLEET

Down through a hole in the road in front of the C.N. offices men were dropping thousands and thousands of bricks, and the mysterious disappearance of bricks enough to build a house led the writer to follow the bricks below ground.

He found that they were going down for the rebuilding of the sewer which carries the water of the old River Fleet. A pleasant stream the Fleet must have been as it ran gently along to meet the Thames a thousand years ago, but today it is lost to sight, imprisoned in strong brick walls.

Four hundred years ago barges laden with fish and fuel sailed up the Fleet where the C.N. offices now stand; close by is a little thoroughfare called Seacoal Lane, where coal was unloaded from the boats that brought it from the North.

Closing Up a River

But not for long was the river navigable. It rapidly silted up with mud and filth, and, although it was cleared out again and again, it at length became the great natural sewer of London. Its unwholesome smells spread disease in the city, and nearly 200 years ago the city authorities decided to close the river in. The work was re-done in 1855, and now the walls are being rebuilt once more.

A wonderful and crowded place is London underground, with amazing entanglements of pipes of water and sewage and gas and electricity and telegraphs and telephones—scores of pipes lying side by side in places, with layers one over the other in such an amazing criss-cross fashion that they look just like lines on a map.

Network of Pipes

The Post Office, also, has lately been breaking up the streets on the banks of the old River Fleet, and hundreds of thousands of people have noticed the opening up of Ludgate Circus, where traffic was congested for months by the building of a new manhole for the telephones. The Post Office is a late-comer in the underground world, and it finds the avenues well-filled; but it makes its way ingeniously underneath our streets, and it has just laid a network of over fifty pipe-lines round about St. Paul's Churchyard and Ludgate Circus.

It is extraordinary to know that, in spite of the excavations underground for several generations, the telephone men struck their axes into virgin soil not more than ten feet down in certain parts.

THE MIXED LIFE OF MOROCCO

Men Who Dance Till They Fall

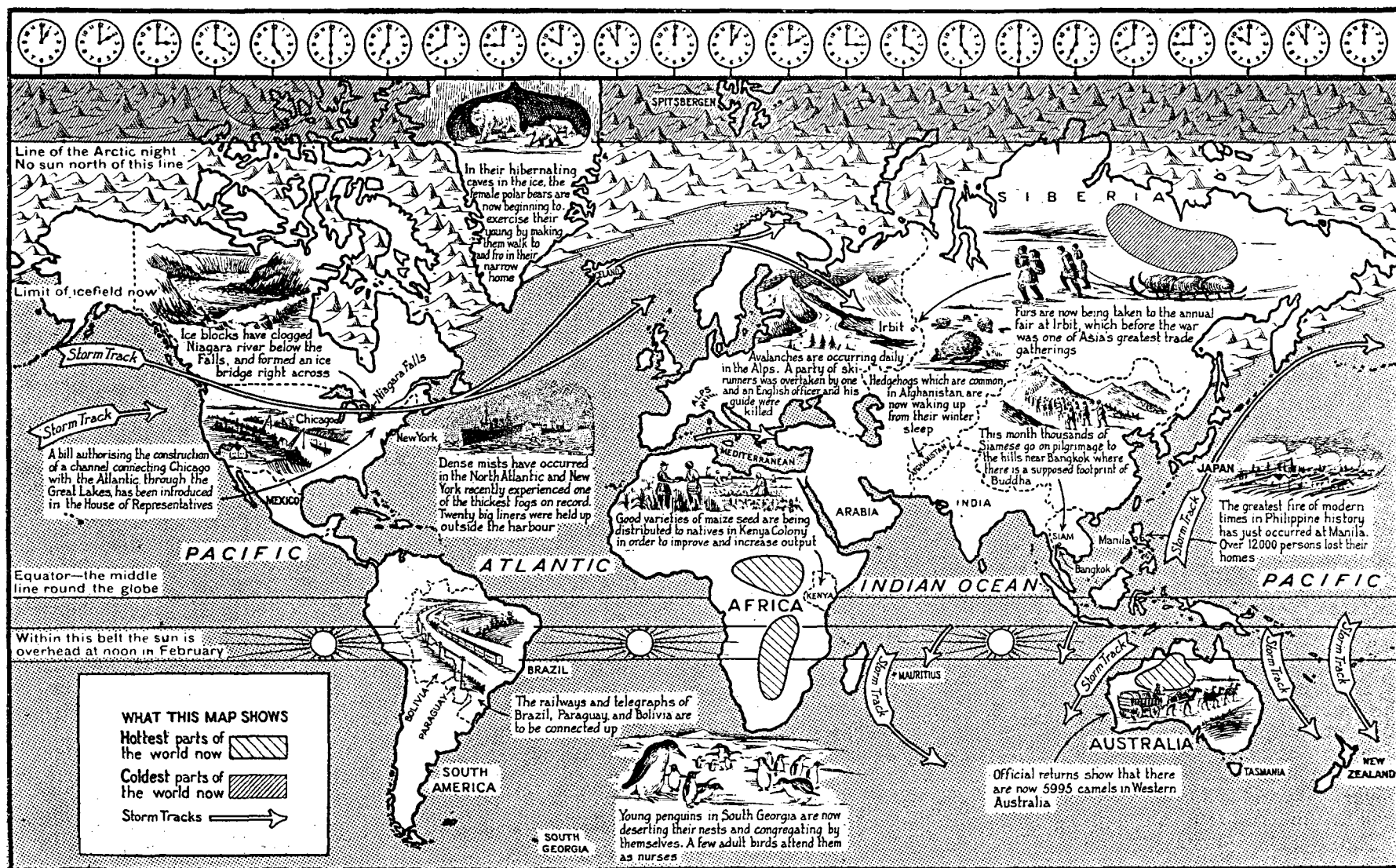
A reader who welcomes the C.N. at Mazagan, in Morocco, gives a curiously-contrasted picture of the jostling of the East and West, the past and the present, in that once remote country.

On Mohamed's birthday the square was packed; even the roofs of the shops were crowded, and the old Portuguese ramparts decorated with a white-robed throng waiting for the processions to arrive. At last they came.

Men with long hair danced madly to the weary tom-tom music; while others had blood running from their entirely bald heads; and others again nodded their heads to the same music till they fell down with fatigue. And these mad dances went on all the afternoon.

When we travel any distance here we go by motor along fine roads, and we even have the pipes laid down for a water system, though it is not yet brought into use.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING STORM TRACKS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ALONE IN THE STORM Cries that Received No Answer SEA CAPTAIN'S ADVENTURE

Close to our shores at times there are terrible adventures at sea, and marvellous courage is shown by seamen.

In the recent gales a London barge, the Cetus, bound for Bridport in Dorset, ran into very heavy weather off the Isle of Wight. On a pitch-dark night, while the captain was at the wheel, he saw a tremendous sea break over the forepart of the vessel, where his two deck-hands were.

He shouted. No answer came. He called the men's names. Not a sound could be heard but the fierce roar of the wind and the raging of the sea. Then he knew his crew had been swept overboard and he could do nothing to try to save them. Instantly they had been battered into unconsciousness by the waves.

Now Captain French, a Rochester man, had to manage his barge single-handed. He could not prevent it drifting away from the shelter he sought into the open sea. He burned flares, hoping some vessel would see them and take him in tow; but no help came.

All night he was in sore peril. His topmast was carried away, his bowsprit went, his sails were badly torn. Day-break showed him that he was off Christchurch, in Hampshire, and he sent up signals of distress. But not till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when a tug came to his assistance, did his ordeal end.

Yet he would not admit that he had done anything wonderful. It seemed to him to be all in a captain's working day!

Pronunciations in this Paper

Anopheles	A-nof-e-leez
Daimyo	Di-me-o
Khedive	Kay-deev
Maharana	Mah-hah-rah-nah
Molière	Mo-le-air
Monte Video	Mon-tay Veed-ay-o
Udaipur	Oo-di-poor

SHUTTING THE WINDOW Strange Experience at a Party

Poison gas does its hateful work not only on the battlefield. It is not made only in chemical factories; it can be produced at festive gatherings.

At a whist-drive in which 120 people were taking part in Richmond several people fainted and had to be carried out. Others fell ill, were seized with nausea, or found their heads violently aching.

The cause was found to be the shutting out of fresh air! The hall was well heated and all the windows were shut. Heavy curtains were drawn across the doors, the electric fan in the ceiling was stopped; the bad air—full of the carbonic acid gas created by the breathing of so many pairs of lungs—could not get out; pure air to refresh the lungs could not get in.

Is it not strange that in a public place the simplest of all the rules of health should be defied?

THE FIRE IN THE NORTH What a Boy Saw

A good friend of the C.N. in the North writes to say that the newspaper accounts of the effects of the fire at Hartlepool proved in the end to be exaggerated.

It was generally stated that about 100 houses were destroyed and 1500 people made homeless, but actually the number of houses completely gutted was 40; 15 others were partially destroyed; and about 100 families, with 500 people, lost their homes. We gladly give these facts, which show that this terrible event was not so bad as it seemed.

A boy reader at West Hartlepool writes to us about what he saw among the ruins. He saw a piece of Christmas cake lying almost untouched; he saw electric tram standards bent double by the heat; he saw a number of mangles with the rollers burned off. Our boy friend also tells us that the fire actually had its origin among piles of birch props, and that the flames afterwards spread to a yard where hundreds of thousands of railway-sleepers were stored.

HONOUR THE BRAVE Four Heroes of Huddersfield

Congratulations to Harry Booth, joiner, Robert Bennington, fireman, Hector Ellis, inspector, and Thomas Kelly, fireman, all of Huddersfield, on being presented with a certificate and a cheque for risking their lives and saving the lives of four people in a dangerous night fire.

At 4.30 one morning a house in which were Mr. and Mrs. Brooke, two sons, and a grandchild, was discovered to be on fire, with the staircase alight. One son escaped and aroused the fire brigade; the rest were shut in.

Harry Booth, the next-door neighbour, heard the alarm and rescued the mother and granddaughter. Then, with Fireman Bennington, he mounted the ladder again and rescued the son. But the father was still inside.

Inspector Ellis and Fireman Kelly thereupon struggled up the staircase, but failed to find the father, who had collapsed in a bedroom. Then they were driven back by the fire. Meantime, Fireman Bennington had forced the window of the bedroom where Mr. Brooke was lying and brought him down the ladder.

Brave deeds all round, well done, and deserving of widespread admiration!

A WIRELESS PRIZE

A C.N. reader in Cheshire writes to tell us that an old reader of the Children's Encyclopedia, Mr. W. R. Burne, of Sale near Manchester, has won the first prize in a transatlantic amateur wireless contest, the test being the largest number of messages picked up from America in 12 days. We send our greetings to Mr. Burne.

A MEDAL WANTED Courage of a Little Mother

By Our Paris Correspondent

A medal is wanted in Paris for a courageous heroine whose story has lately been told. She is a cat, and the case dates back to the great fire at the Printemps.

In the underground quarters of the building a black mother cat was living with her three new-born kittens when the fire broke out. They were soon surrounded with flames and smoke, and this is what happened.

The mother cat carried her kittens to a neighbouring shop. Three times she walked through the fire, and only when her little ones were safe did this plucky mother roll herself on the ground with her coat singed and her feet burnt. Sadly hurt was she, but she had saved her kittens!

ONE-MAN HOUSE A Bricklayer Who Keeps Moving

A splendid example to all who complain that they cannot find spare time is set by a Beddington bricklayer who has built himself a house in his odd hours.

Having bought a piece of ground by the railway for a garden and poultry farm, he decided to build on it a bungalow for his family.

Though already working ten hours a day, he spent his evenings and Saturdays at his bungalow, and, taking full advantage of summer-time, he worked frequently until eleven at night, and was often there by four in the morning.

He laid every brick himself, about 30,000 in all, and has been his own contractor as well as builder. The bungalow has five rooms and a bathroom, and all that remains to be finished is the drainage system, which this enterprising man is completing with the aid of a plumber. Long may he live in his new home!

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

FEBRUARY 11 1922

A Great Doctor Protests

WE are glad when the doctor turns crusader, and it is good to see a great physician taking off his coat to protest against horrible books and horrible pictures and horrible plays.

Horror is not good for us, he says; it is, indeed, very bad for many people, and harmful to all. Anything that depresses us is bad. It lowers our vitality. It renders us the easy victim of microbe and temptation. We should avoid horror like the pestilence that it is.

This doctor also tells us that Fear is one of our great enemies. We must fight it. The boy at school must not fear the examination; the young man must not fear failure; the grown-up must not fear illness. Keep fear and all violent feelings at arm's length. It is said that perspiration was once taken from the forehead of an angry man and injected into a guinea-pig, and the guinea-pig died of poison! An even temper is not only good manners: it is good business. Look on the cheerful side of things. Avoid all violence of thought and feeling.

The world is behaving in a ridiculous way. It goes to brutal plays that are written merely to make the flesh creep; it reads trashy books of excitement and crime. The cinema that interests it most is the cinema of unreality and horror; and its chief pleasures are of a restless and sensational kind.

If a prophet called to this mad world that it was wicked, the world would only laugh; but now that a great doctor warns the world that it is destroying its nerves and is bound for Bedlam something may occur.

On all sides we notice a slight change. Warnings appear in the paper against the wasteful and evil habit of cigarette-smoking; against the absurdity of so much dancing; against too much food and too much excitement; against anxiety, fear, restlessness. Doctors are preaching reasonableness and good cheerfulness.

Let all our readers who wish to be healthy and happy realise that we ourselves compound the elixir of our life. We are our own doctors and dispensers. We are our own medicine. By our thoughts we decide the health of our bodies and our minds.

And so the day may come, if the doctors will keep hammering away, when every newspaper in the land will follow the example of the C.N. and exclude from its columns all things brutal, vulgar, and base. By that time the recreation of Creeps will have gone out of fashion, and the world will settle down to a life of general happiness.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Unseen Friend

WE who believe that the Creator of the World still rules and guides our lives as we pass through it, remember with a thrill just now the words of Shackleton as he recalled a march with two of his men in Georgia:

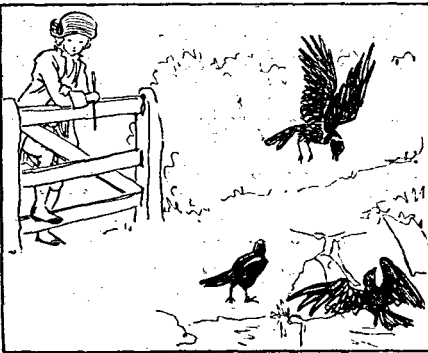
When I look back (he said) I have no doubt that Providence guided us, not only across those snowfields, but across the storm-white sea.

I know that during that long and racking march of 36 hours over the unnamed mountains and glaciers of South Georgia it seemed to me often that we were four, not three.

I said nothing to my companions on the point, but afterwards Worsley said to me, "Boss, I had a curious feeling on that march that there was another person with us."

Now Shackleton has fallen asleep by those mountains and glaciers of South Georgia, and we may be sure that waiting for him there, amid those spacious silences, was the Unseen Friend of Everyman on this eventful journey through the world.

Proverb of the Day



To One Who Makes Excuses
Crows are Never Whiter for Washing

Who is Happy?

A RICH man has been saying, in one of those sweeping phrases that are not always true, that "the poor are happy."

Surely the idea of the rich that the poor are happy is just about as true as the idea of the poor that the rich are happy. One thing stands out for all the world to see—that happiness is the property of neither rich nor poor. It belongs to those who make it for themselves. Riches cannot buy it, nor poverty take it away.

How Do You Read?

SOMEBODY has been classifying readers of books as he finds them, and has made a list of five kinds:

- The readers who read through;
- The readers who read at;
- The readers who read in;
- The readers who read round about;
- And the well-beloved readers who read between the lines.

We like them all except number two. We like to read through—if the reading is worth it; we like to read into what we read, bringing to it what we know; we like to read all round about a thing; and especially we love to read between the lines. How much there is between the lines!

The New Sort of Post Office

HAVING lost so much money by abolishing the penny post, the Post Office is said to be about to stamp advertisements on our letters. The idea is to print an advertisement on the envelope as the stamp is blotted out.

Most people will prefer the old-fashioned way of raising money for the Post Office—the way of encouraging millions of people to write hundreds of millions of letters at a penny apiece. We have no doubt that these advertisements would be quite as unreadable as the Post Office stamps on our envelopes usually are, but we dread the day when every letter from a friend will tell us whose hats to buy and whose jam to eat.

Tip-Cat

WE are happy to announce that the Armaments Reduction Committee will not restrain plants from shooting this spring.

FOR the upper classes: Highroads.

CAN you tell a man's profession, asks a grown-up paper, by his appearance? Sometimes we can by his disappearance.

AT the Pitman's Fellowship Dinner the menu was in shorthand. But we believe the meal was not otherwise abbreviated.

THE sun never shines for a pessimist. He is always in the fog.

THEY are starting a fight in the American Senate by giving it the new peace treaty.

THERE is a shortage of pennies. They must have been changed into halfpennies.

TO call a workman a "hand," Lord Leverhulme thinks, spoils the relations between master and man. Keeps them, in fact, at arm's length.

MR. JAMES DOUGLAS says we should be happier if we were to cry daily. He evidently thinks happiness is all my eye.

THE Prime Minister does not want to have "a rocky party organisation." Yet his new party is in the cradle.

Goodbye, Shackleton

With feelings of great sorrow we reprint below the C.N. goodbye to Shackleton when he went away.

Go, little Quest, across the sea,
Where sailors seek their bread,
And tell a world of £ s. d.

Adventure is not dead.
Return to us from fearful seas,
Where griefs will pierce you through,
And tell a world that dies of ease
The fairy-tale is true.

You May Live How You Will

By Harold Begbie

YOU may live how you will,
Like a stream or a puddle,
With the heroes or pigs,
In a star or a muddle;
You may fly, you may crawl,
You may grow or stand still,
There is none to prevent:
You may live how you will.

Now, the fool lives a life
Like a seesaw; the clown
One moment jerks up, and
The next he hangs down;
But the best way to march,
Never minding the rest,
Is to keep urging on
With your face to the Best.

FOR the aim of true life
Is a hunger and thirst
For the Best we can be
Rising out of the worst,
For the Best we can dream,
And the Best we can do,
With this fact for our cheer
That the Best will come true.

You may fly, you may crawl,
You may grow or stand still,
There is none to prevent:
You may live how you will.

Fame

By Our Country Girl

THE governess said with pride,
"What do you think? I found Eleanor reading Galsworthy's Man of Property. Of course, it is much too old for her, and I took it away. But fancy a child of nine being able to grasp a book like that! Fancy being able to appreciate Galsworthy at that age!"

"It is remarkable," I agreed. I determined to get Eleanor's views on this important work.

"Hallo!" said Eleanor, looking up from the nursery table with a blob of blue paint on her nose. "I'm drawing water-babies."

"Don't they look a bit like poached eggs?" I asked.

"That's a water-lily," explained Eleanor; "the water-babies are over there." She pointed to some pink frogs in the corner.

"Oh, I see. Splendid! I suppose you have been reading 'The Water Babies' again?"

"No. I've been reading a book about ladies and gentlemen."

"Indeed! What happens?"

"Oh, nothing happens."

"What's it called?"

"I forget."

"Who wrote it?"

She wrinkled her brow.

"I know it's something funny. John—John—oh, John Gasworm!"

Till That Hour

Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows; of these the greater part will never be known till that hour when many that are great shall be small and the small great.

CHARLES READE

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY SUNDAY

SPRING AND WINTER SIDE BY SIDE

Why We Have Dirt and Misery and Disease

WHAT CITY PEOPLE BREATHE

By Our Weather Correspondent

There was an extraordinary day in and outside London not long ago. It was a Sunday. The great city was black with fog, and just outside was the glorious sunshine of a mild spring day.

A C.N. reader listening on his wireless in Kent heard a voice in London saying, "I can't see my hand before my face for fog"; a lady who was going to town was surprised to get a telephone message warning her not to go because it was hardly safe to cross the road.

Why should great cities be plagued with fogs like this? It is said that on such a day the soot that hangs over London would weigh 240 tons, and the population of London during these 24 hours would inhale altogether about half a ton of dirt. At South Kensington the dirt in the air was measured, and there were about 11 pounds of dirt in every million cubic yards of air.

What a Fog Really Is

What is it that makes the air so dirty? What is a fog?

The poet Shelley, in his beautiful poem on "The Cloud," reminds us that, although we see the clouds of heaven every day and are so accustomed to them that we hardly notice them, their exquisite shapes and texture, and the wonderful part they play in Nature's economy, can inspire the poet's imagination with thoughts capable of being enshrined in immortal verse. But all clouds are not beautiful, and there is at least one form of cloud which we could well do without; for fog, the bane of the townsman and the dread of the sailor, is only a form of cloud.

The Dew on the Dust

Cloud, mist, and fog are sometimes referred to as being composed of vapour, but this is a mistake, for the vapour of water, millions of tons of which are present in the air, is transparent like the air itself. It is not until the vapour is condensed into actual drops of water that it becomes visible, and so prevents us from seeing properly. The vapour in the air is condensed when the air is cooled below a certain temperature—which is known as the dew-point temperature, because at this stage of cooling dew is deposited.

Now, a curious fact is that water-vapour cannot condense from the air unless it has something to form upon. In the case of dew it forms on the ground, the stems and leaves of plants, or on buildings, which become coated with moisture; but fog, mist, and cloud are caused by dew condensing on the dust which floats in the air.

Evil of Smoky Air

The air is full of tiny specks of dust. These are usually invisible, except in very strong light, like a sunbeam, when they can be seen with the naked eye as they reflect the light shining on them; but when they are damp they absorb light, and thus make the air opaque.

There is always enough dust in the air to allow a mist to form if water is condensed, though the amount varies a great deal. It is greatest in smoky air, smoke being largely composed of dust. It has been computed that a single puff of cigarette smoke contains about 4000 million particles. The air of cities is usually very full of dust because of the

SHACKLETON LOOKS BACK, WONDERING

Is there not something pathetic in these lines today? They were written by our lost explorer, Sir Ernest Shackleton, now on his last Quest.

We have sailed from your farthest West, that is bounded by fire and snow,

We have pierced to your farthest East, till stopped by the hard-set floe.

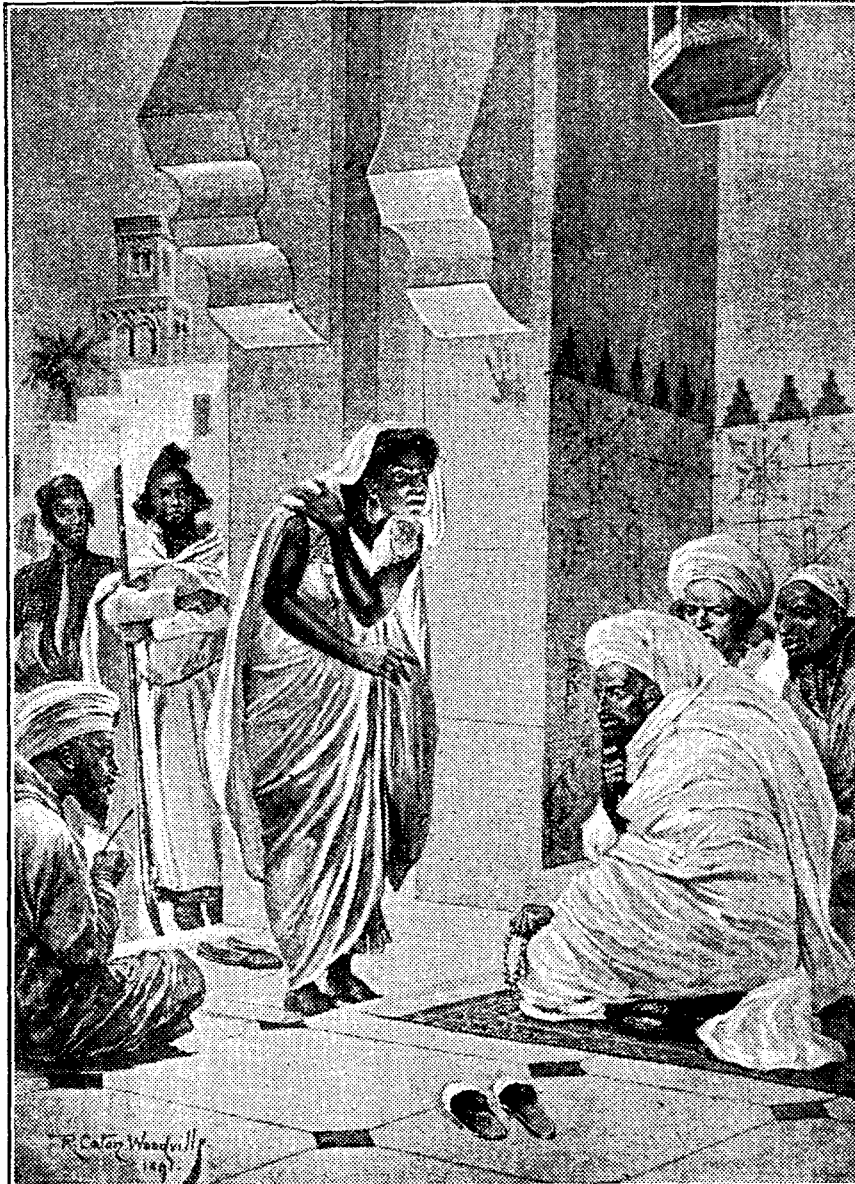
We have steamed by your wave-worn caverns: dim, blue, mysterious halls.

We have risen above your surface, we have sounded along your walls,

And above that rolling surface we have strained our eyes to see. But league upon league of whiteness was all that there seem'd to be.

Ah! what is the secret you're keeping, to the southward beyond our ken?

SHALL THESE THINGS COME BACK?



Travellers in Abyssinia have been shocked to find that the country is slipping back and that traffic in slaves is being carried on. One traveller has seen a procession of ten thousand unfortunate captives going to such a slave market as we see here, though our picture is from Morocco. See next column.

Continued from the previous column

enormous quantities of smoke and soot discharged from chimneys.

Mist is only a cloud near the ground, and the chief difference between mist and fog is that in a fog there are more dust-particles. In a town fog, such as London experienced the other day, the smoke particles contain not only carbon, which is comparatively clean when pure, but a great deal of oily deposit from the tar in the coal, and this not only makes the fog denser, but, by preventing the moisture from evaporating again, makes it much more persistent.

Besides the fogs of cities, which are almost entirely caused by smoke, there are fogs at sea, caused by the cooling of the damp air over the water as it mixes with colder currents. Thus, off the coast of Newfoundland, when the moist air from the Atlantic meets with cold Polar winds, dense and persistent fogs are

formed, which become a great danger to ships bound for Canadian ports. These sea fogs have often sharply-defined limits, so that a ship may sometimes have its stern in bright sunshine while the bows are enshrouded in dense gloom. Sometimes the fog lies on the sea in a shallow layer, and the masts of a vessel can be seen sticking out above while the hull is completely invisible.

Experiments have been made to find out whether fog can be dissipated by electric discharges, but, although this would be possible, it would probably be extremely costly. While we do not know of any way of preventing sea fogs, there is no doubt whatever that town fogs could easily be almost entirely prevented if we had enough sense to forbid the dirty and wasteful practice of ejecting smoke into the air. This could be done by burning our fuel completely instead of only half burning it.

A NATION SLIPPING BACK

ABYSSINIA AND HER SLAVE MARKETS

Terrible Thing the Great Powers Must Stop

10,000 SLAVES IN A PROCESSION

In the great continent of Africa, apart from the British Union of South Africa, only one country can be said to be governed by the people who live in it. The rest are controlled from without.

The one entirely independent native nation is Abyssinia, the ancient Ethiopia, the mountainous inland country around the sources of the Blue Nile.

Of late the civilised world has heard but little of Abyssinia. At the end of 1913 Menelik II, who had reigned 24 years as Emperor, died. Under Menelik, who was a firm ruler with an intelligent conception of his duty to the land, Abyssinia prospered, and was recognised officially by all the leading Powers of the world as a country adopting gradually the methods of civilisation.

Turmoil and War

Then came the Great War, and men's thoughts were turned from the minor States. It was known that there had been turmoil and war after the death of Menelik, and that at last one of his daughters had been chosen as Empress.

Now two residents, with a full knowledge of what is happening in this remote land, have arrived in England, and have furnished the Westminster Gazette with an account of its unhappy condition.

No such horrifying picture has come from out of the darkness of Africa for a quarter of a century. Abyssinia, it must be remembered, is nominally a Christian country. Its religion is that of the ancient Coptic Church.

Civilisation Decaying

Since Menelik's death demoralisation seems to have become universal. The railway had been brought to the capital from the Red Sea; good roads had been made on the main routes of traffic; schools had been established; and attempts had been started to preserve the public health by a purer water supply and better sanitary conditions. Now all these improvements are either swept away or allowed to fall into decay.

But infinitely worse than these backward movements is the fact that slavery in its worst forms has become an institution. The country is a vast slave market, and the sale is kept up by raiding expeditions into the surrounding lands and into the outlying parts of Abyssinia itself.

One of the writers referred to declares that he has seen a convoy of ten thousand slaves being driven in procession to market, and some of these slaves are carried off from lands under the protection of the three great European Powers whose territories surround Abyssinia.

Should Backward Races Rule?

This raiding for the capture of slaves is only made possible by the fact that the Abyssinians are armed with modern weapons, while the tribes are unarmed.

Yet Great Britain, France, and Italy have an agreement that they will not supply Abyssinia with arms. Where, then, do these man-stealers get their weapons and ammunition from?

If only one-tenth of the statements made were true, then the civilised world would have in Abyssinia a problem to which it must address itself unitedly, or the world will be disgraced.

This exposure comes at a time when it may well make people who build up theories of government without knowledge of the ways of men wonder how far self-determination by backward races is a blessing, and whether it may not be a curse.

Picture on this page

THE PALACE ON A LAKE

Story of a Friend in the Mutiny

THE MYSTERIOUS PICTURES

The visit of the Prince of Wales to India has revived memories of that most terrible of all crises, the Indian Mutiny of 1857, some tragic, others glorious.

One that is honourable in the highest degree to an Indian reigning family is connected with Udaipur, where the Prince had a most splendid reception.

The Maharana of this State is the leading chief of the Rajputs, and his family has been long famed for its fidelity to the British connection. That fidelity stood the test of the mutiny in the most magnificent manner. When other rulers were proving unfaithful the Maharana announced that all British refugees would be welcomed, and would be treated by him as honoured guests.

Puzzle of a Tiled Room

On the beautiful Lake of Pichola, in his domain, are two islands, and on each is an ancient palace. All the British who reached Udaipur were rowed across to one of these island palaces, and there entertained till the final British victory insured their safety; and to make their protection certain all boats were removed from the margin of the lake, and were only allowed to cross from the islands to transport the fugitives to safety, or otherwise to serve them, so that no danger could possibly approach.

A curious fact is that, though the palaces were built hundreds of years ago, before Christian missionaries had established themselves in India, a room in one of the palaces is entirely lined with tiles that picture scenes from the Christian Scriptures. It is not known by whom these pictured tiles were placed so long ago in an Indian palace. It is thought that some Portuguese builders who reached this part before the British may have taken them there.

Can it be that these Scripture scenes are one of the links binding together Udaipur and Britain?

AN OLD LADY'S GARDEN

Happy Among Her Flowers

An old lady friend of the C.N. in New South Wales, who wrote the letter we published not long ago under the heading An Old Lady in a Lonely World, sends a beautiful picture of her garden as the sun was shining down on it when the last mails left.

I have an exquisite garden (she says), just now rioting with hundreds of blooms—roses and lilies and gladiolas and geraniums of every hue, and pentstemons and cactuses and flowering shrubs most gorgeous. There are mayas and laburnums and poppies, and every ordinary flower you can think of; and such beautiful begonias.

Among this rioting of flowers are oranges and lemons and persimmons, peaches and apricots, plums, pears, apples, and quinces. But, alas! the blackberries are a pest, and I have been fined twice for them, though I spent years in cutting them down myself and paid many a Chinaman to do them. I had to sell a beautiful pet pony to pay one fine.

There is not a day in the year when I cannot go into the garden and gather many flowers for my house or friends, so that even if I am a lonely old lady I am a very happy one with my flowers and books and music, and the sun nearly always shining, and the air so pure, and the scenery so beautiful.

MUSIC BY TELEPHONE

People at a restaurant near a cinema theatre in Birmingham are able to enjoy the music of the orchestra while they have tea. It is conveyed by telephone wires to a "loud-speaker" trumpet in the restaurant.

America Still in the Making

The Marvellous Energy and Restless Ingenuity that Overcome all Difficulties

HUNDRED-MILLION NATION IN THE MELTING POT

This concluding article on the American people, by our International Correspondent suggests the dazzling future that lies before this mighty nation still in the making

When anyone from the old countries of Europe goes among the people of a new country it is both kind and discreet to praise rather than to blame. This has to be remembered by all who hope to win the goodwill of the Americans. They are sensitive, and do not like to hear their country criticised.

Their merits far exceed their defects, or they could not have conquered Nature, and led the way in so many of the advances of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, and set the rest of the world examples in such numerous directions. To be resentful of criticism of one's country is far less harmful than to dislike criticism of one's methods in business or in manufacture, as we do; the Americans are always ready to listen to anyone who can suggest to them improvements in their factories or offices.

Scrapping Old Machinery

It is this good sense, added to their marvellous energy, that has given them their leading position in commerce and industry. They are ready at any moment to start upon new lines if they can feel sure that they are better than the old. They "scrap" machinery without hesitation as soon as they find some new process that will give more satisfactory results.

By "standardising parts"—that is, turning out immense numbers of articles, from motor-cars to apple-corsers, all of one pattern, with the parts made separately and easily replaceable—they have given a new turn to manufacture and cheapened the price of luxuries and necessities.

Their object is to make articles in vast quantities so that they may be brought within the reach of as many buyers as possible. Thus, in the United States the owners of motor-cars are several times as numerous as they are in Great Britain, though the population is only a little more than twice as large as ours.

The First Steamboat

The Americans have always been an inventive, enterprising race. The first steamboat was set going on the mighty Hudson River, which runs through New York, by an American named Fulton. The telephone was brought into common use by Americans, and in the application of electricity in so many other ways the great Thomas Edison took a prominent part. They made railway travelling more comfortable than it has ever been in this country, and in the last few years they have built some magnificent railway stations, which make ours look like old sheds.

For a great many years they were too busy developing their resources to trouble about the sightliness of their cities. In many of them there can still be seen signs of this carelessness, but now they are resolved to make them as convenient and as handsome as possible.

In New York they have put up higher buildings than exist anywhere else in the world. They need high buildings because the city, being on a narrow strip of land between two rivers, cannot spread as other cities do. These "sky-scrapers" were at first

ugly, but American architects have learned how to give them a certain beauty of their own. In their methods of building the Americans led the world. Their system of erecting a steel framework and then constructing downwards from the top has been adopted everywhere. They led the way, too, with concrete in building.

They have a restless ingenuity which helps them to deal with and overcome difficulties. The typical American is never so happy as when he is up against some problem hard to solve.

Some are inclined to think that the mixture with the British stock of so many elements from the oppressed populations of Europe will weaken this side of the American character. It has already changed the appearance of the cities where the foreign immigrants have settled most thickly. New York looks more like a continental city than an English one, and there are whole districts in Chicago where English is scarcely ever spoken. In the flourishing and still growing city of Cleveland, Ohio, only 18 out of every hundred people are American-born.

Men of the Past and Present

It may be that out of the melting-pot, as a famous author has called the United States, a new race will arise with qualities distinct from, and perhaps superior to, those of the British-Americans. Up to the present, however, the great men of the country have almost all come from the old strain. The names of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, of the poets Longfellow, Walt Whitman, Edgar Allen Poe, of the historian Motley, and the novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, and the genial essayist Oliver Wendell Holmes, will always live to show where the early genius of the nation came from.

Even in later times the men of note, Henry James in literature, Sargent in painting, Woodrow Wilson in politics, and so on, have been mainly of British descent. But every year names of foreign origin become more and more prominent. Every year the number of Americans who think of the British Isles as the land of their forefathers becomes smaller.

Problems of the Future

So far they have tried hard to keep out of European politics. They have enough problems of their own to keep them occupied—the Negro problem, which concerns the future relations of the white people with twelve million blacks; the problem of Japan and the desire of the Japanese to enter freely into the United States; the problem of Mexico, which many Americans think will never cease to give trouble until it has been made part of the American Union. It may be that these and other matters in the new world will occupy all their attention; or it may be that the European elements will insist on taking a hand in Europe as well. That is for the future to decide.

The Americans, great as their nation is today, are still only a nation in the making. What they will be when the process is finished no one can tell, but it is a mighty and a dazzling destiny that awaits them.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

MOLIÈRE

The Greatest Figure in French Literature

POOR MAN'S STRUGGLE TO FAME

On February 17, 1673, in Paris, died Molière, the world's most popular writer of comedies and the greatest figure in French literature. Only a month ago the three hundredth anniversary of his birth was celebrated.

He occupies in French literature a place as distinct as Shakespeare's in English, though the range of Molière's power was less wide.

Like Shakespeare, he was born of the tradesman class, had a miscellaneous education, joined early a company of players, tinkered the poor plays of the period to make them suit his company's gifts, and after ten years of this preparatory work, accompanied by wide observation of life and character, began to write original plays that, by their wit and satire, made the stage a great power.

Then he wrote, with fine industry and constantly-increasing effect, over twenty plays, half of them masterpieces, in 14 years; became a favourite at Court, famous, and well-to-do; excited malicious envy in less successful writers and actors; was unhappy in his domestic life, but beloved by the people who worked with him and knew him best; and, finally, died suddenly in the full plenitude of his powers.

Life of Ups and Downs

In all this there is a curious parallelism between the lives of the greatest dramatist of France and the greatest dramatist of England.

His real name, Jean Baptiste Poquelin, was changed from Poquelin to Molière when he became an actor. His father was a prosperous upholsterer, who held an office in the bedchamber of Louis XIII, accompanying him on his travels.

For three years Molière and his theatrical company acted in Paris, but they failed so badly in gaining popular support that Molière was imprisoned for debt by the tradesman who provided the candles to light the theatre, and the other actors had to borrow the money to secure his release.

The company then went touring in the country, visiting almost every part of France, and nearly 12 years passed before it returned to Paris to play before the young King Louis XIV.

But in these years of wandering Molière had become, not only a successful actor and manager, but the writer of the most popular plays of the age, and when, not long after his triumphant return to Paris, his theatre was pulled down for building changes, the King allowed him to use the great hall of the Palais Royal for his performances.

Unbroken Success

The remainder of his life, as actor and writer, was an unbroken success. Though his health failed he would not cease work, and after an enthusiastic reception on the first night of his last play, *Le Malade Imaginaire*, in which he took the leading part, he returned home and died through the bursting of a blood vessel.

In his comedies Molière exposed, with relentless wit, the follies, affectations, and vices of the age. Sometimes he wrote in verse, sometimes in prose, but he was a prose writer rather than a poet. His three most famous plays are *Tartuffe*, an exposure of hypocrisy in religion, *Le Misanthrope*, and *L'Avare*, *The Miser*.

His plays still hold their place on the stage, and have had a great influence on English comedy. English dramatists like Dryden and Fielding transferred his plays to the English stage after adapting them to our conditions.



Molière

BEES WELCOME THE SUN

Watching the Insects at Work

WHY A BEE FANS WITH ITS WINGS

By Our Country Correspondent

The bees have been leaving the hives for short flights on sunny days recently.

To keep bees is not only a very profitable business but a most interesting and enjoyable hobby, and there are few creatures more worth while watching than the common hive bee, now beginning to be seen again on the wing. Yet how few know much about the bee except that it lives in a hive, visits the flowers, has a comb, and makes honey.

Books on the bee are always interesting, but much more fascinating is it to gather our knowledge at first hand by watching the bees for ourselves.

When the bee wakes from its winter sleep the crocus is in blossom, then a week or two later comes the daffodil and other wild flowers, and these are followed in quick succession by an ever-increasing number of flowers until June, when the bees gather a rich harvest from the masses of blossom in the orchards.

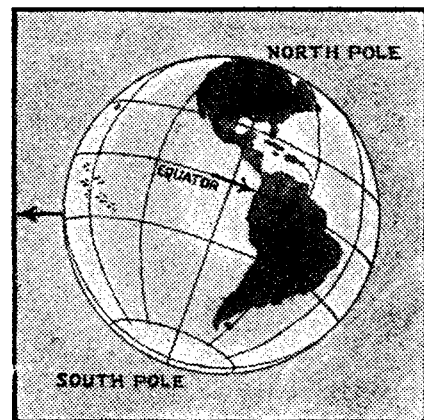
This useful creature carries out two great works. It makes honey from the nectar that it collects, and it fertilises the flowers while gathering the nectar. Entering one flower, the bee becomes more or less covered with the pollen, and then when it enters another flower much of the pollen is rubbed off and so the flower is fertilised.

Wherever there are flowers in any quantity there the bee may be found, not only in the country, but in cities and towns that are furnished with public and private gardens. Several successful hives are kept on the roofs of tall buildings in the heart of the City of London, and in the summer months the Editor's office is visited by an occasional bee.

The bee moves its wings very quickly, making 190 vibrations a second, and the stationary bees outside a hive entrance moving their wings in this way on a warm day are really engaged in fanning and ventilating the hive.

There is no end to the interesting things we may learn about the honey bee, which is one of the two hundred different kinds of British bees, if we only set about studying for ourselves.

THE EARTH SEEN FROM THE SUN



The earth at 6 p.m. on any day in February as it would be seen through a telescope from the sun. The lines of latitude and longitude are put in to show the tilt. The arrows show the way the earth is travelling and rotating.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does N.U.T. mean? National Union of Teachers.

What is a Daimyo? This was the title given to territorial lords or barons of feudal Japan.

Who was Mirza? An imaginary character whose vision of the bridge of life is described in an allegory by Addison in No. 159 of the Spectator.

What is a Hartal? A day of mourning, such as is observed from time to time in India by the Gandhist Party, who wish to have self-government.

MAGIC OF COLOUR

SCIENTIFIC WONDER IN THE THEATRES

A New Kind of Transformation Scene

SCENES CHANGED WHILE YOU LOOK

By a Scientific Expert

One of the latest wonders of the stage is the scenery which suddenly alters as if by magic, by means of a changing colour in the lights.

The stage is illuminated by red light, and you see men and women in some quaint costumes walking among the mountains; the red light is changed to blue, and you see instead the interior of a palace, with the same men and women quite differently clothed.

This is how it is done. It is an old and very well-known principle of the science of light which two different Russian men have now applied to the stage, one in America and one in London.

If you were to lay a blue cornflower and a dandelion side by side on the table and look at them through a piece of blue glass, the cornflower would look almost white and the dandelion black. Now look at them through a piece of orange-coloured glass; the cornflower appears black and the dandelion nearly white.

Sorting Out the Colours

It is the effect of what are known as complementary colours. Green is complementary to crimson, violet to yellow, blue to orange. Look at a green thing through a crimson glass, and it will appear black; look at a crimson thing through a green glass, and it will appear black, and so on.

Now imagine two different scenes painted on the wings and background of a stage—a castle painted in green, and, side by side with it, a woodland valley painted in crimson. If you flood the stage with green limelight you will see nothing but the "black" woodland scene, while if you change the limelight to crimson the castle will stand out black.

In this way, by very carefully choosing suitable complementary colours and selecting the right-coloured tinting glasses for screening the powerful electric arc lamps which flood the stage with light, these wonderful changes have become possible, and, with a swiftness never dreamed of in old transformation scenes, we see one scene turned into another and the very costumes of the actors transformed.

Studying the Science of Light

A simple bit of science, wielded by an artist of imagination, has given us stage effects which appear almost miraculous to the audience, changes of scene which are wonderfully beautiful, as all who have seen them must agree.

A young Russian refugee, Nicholas de Lipsky, has applied these effects to a ballet, while Mr. Samoiloff has done the thing still more elaborately at the London Hippodrome.

An artist at heart, Mr. de Lipsky, when he realised the possibilities of these effects of complementary colours, went to the Polytechnic in Petrograd to study the science of light. Both inventors have a full knowledge of the science of the spectrum, which, applied to stage-lighting, is as simple as it is effective.

PARENTS GO TO SCHOOL

The London County Council has arranged for children to do their homework at school where it is difficult for them to do it at home. In some cases fathers have accompanied their boys to school, and watched while the lessons are going on.

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card.

Does the Red Spider Make a Web?

No; because it is not really a spider, but one of the numerous family of mites.

How Does a Cat Purr?

The purring sound is produced by the vocal organs of the cat, as is the growl of the dog.

How Long Does it Take to Hatch a Bee?

From the time that the queen bee lays the egg until the fully-equipped worker bee emerges three weeks elapse.

Do Gulls Fly at Night?

The gulls of our coasts fly by day and in the twilight, but when migrating they may also fly by night.

How Can a Lizard Be Kept Through the Winter?

Such things as worms and cockroaches should be available, and mealworms can always be bought from a livestock dealer.

How Deep Do Tree Roots Go?

Nobody knows the full limit, but it is a fact that in sandy, hot regions a tree sends its roots 20 feet deep to tap underground water supplies.

Is 24 Years a Record Age for a Cat?

It is the greatest age known to the writer, who, however, has no authentic information on the subject. Other readers may possess still better figures.

Do Yellowhammers often Build in Haystacks?

They generally prefer wilder, rougher situations than those in which haystacks are placed, but, like other birds, they vary in habits according to circumstances.

Which is the Biggest Breed of Dogs?

Taking an entire breed and not exceptional animals, the St. Bernard is the biggest. Examples of this breed 35 inches high at the shoulder and weighing nearly 220 pounds have been known.

Why Does a Hen Lay Soft-Shell Eggs?

The reason is, as a rule, that the hen has not had sufficient lime to build up a shell. Hens should have ample supplies of crushed mortar, crushed oyster shell, and even powdered egg-shells.

Do Canaries Get Influenza?

Yes. Influenza seems capable of infecting most warm-blooded creatures, and as birds are subject to catarrh, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, and so forth, we must keep them from rooms in which influenza patients are being nursed.

Why Does a Hen Cackle?

Several readers have sent us an alternative explanation to that of our Natural Historian as to why a hen cackles when she lays an egg.

We give two of these explanations, to the same effect but differently expressed. The first is from a Monmouthshire reader, and the second from a Kentish reader. We may add that Mr. W. H. Hudson, in one of his books on the birds of Argentina, gives a somewhat similar explanation.

In the days of long ago, when fowls wandered freely from place to place, the hen would seek a sheltered spot in which to lay her eggs, while the male bird would wander on. As soon as the egg was laid the hen would cackle to let the male bird know. He would then crow, and the hen bird would run toward the place from which the sound came.

A professor lecturing some time ago declared that the hen's cackle was an arranged call to her mate to make known her whereabouts. Before fowls were domesticated the hen would lay her eggs in a bush. The professor imagined the hen saying to her mate before they parted company: "Now, Mr. Rooster, I am going to lay an egg. You keep as far away as you can, or your bright feathers will betray my whereabouts. I'll call out when I am ready, so that you will know where I am."

Her cackle, according to this theory, is the survival of this ancient call.

THE GIANT CRAB

STAR THAT IS REALLY A SOLAR SYSTEM

Great Suns Revolving Round Each Other

THE ASSES AND THE MANGER

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

The absence of the Moon from the evening sky next week will enable us to get a glimpse of some of the marvels hidden in its starry depths.

Cancer, the Crab, is the fourth constellation of the Zodiac, but its stars are faint, none being above fourth magnitude. But our star map, which includes the bright stars Castor and Pollux of Gemini to act as guides, will help us to identify them.

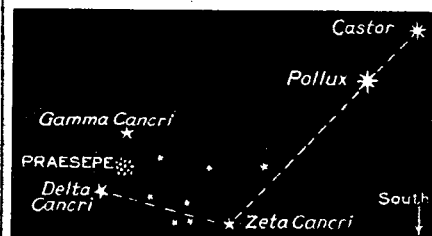
These stars, described in the C.N. a fortnight ago, point directly to one of Cancer's marvels. It appears but a tiny star, to the south-east of Pollux and about two and a half times as far from him as he is from Castor; being in a direct line it cannot be missed. This tiny star, known as Zeta Cancri, is actually a glorious multiple solar system, comprising three great suns and a giant dark world.

Enormous Dark World

The suns are known as A, B, and C. Now, A and B are much the nearest together; they revolve around a point somewhere between them, known as the centre of gravity, once in 58 years. The sun C, hundreds of millions of miles from the other two, revolves around them in between 600 and 700 years.

In addition, this sun C has an enormous dark world that revolves round it in 17½ years. Though it cannot be seen, owing to its lack of light, its presence is known, and we have some idea of its size and distance in consequence of its gravitational pull upon the sun C, which it causes to go round in a small orbit.

It must be a very large world to be able to do this, and, as there is evidence that the sun C is much larger than our



How to find the Chief Stars in Cancer

own, this great planet revolving around it must be a world near our Sun in size.

The faintness of this system of Zeta Cancri is due to its great distance, which most recent investigation at Mount Wilson Observatory has shown to be 86 light years, or 5,600,000 times as far away as our Sun.

Some way to the left of Zeta, past some other small stars which are shown on our map, will be found one a little brighter. This is Delta Cancri, and above it, about six times the Moon's width away, is Gamma Cancri.

Small Stars That are Large Suns

Both appear as small, fourth-magnitude stars, though actually they are very large suns. Delta Cancri's distance has been found by parallax to be 180 light years, while its spectrum suggests 160 light years; so it gives at least 50 times as much light as our Sun, or it would not be as bright as it appears.

These two stars, Gamma and Delta, are also known as the Asses, and between them, slightly to the right, will be seen a faint, misty patch of light—the famous Praesepe, or the Manger. This fanciful title was given long before its actual nature was known. Now, even small magnifying power will show it as stars, some 30 appearing through field glasses, though upwards of 150 may be counted with much higher power.

G. F. M.

LOST IN THE TRAIN

The Missing Title-Deeds
of Medland School

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

CHAPTER 57

Calvert Gets the Upper Hand

LEAVING Dicky in Gilkes's grasp, Calvert began to ransack Dicky's play-box.

Almost at once he had the bag, and was holding it up before the others.

"What did I tell you?" he exclaimed, in ugly triumph. "What about it, Doran? Wasn't I right?"

"You jolly well were," declared Doran. "That's Miss Morland's bag all right. There are her initials on it. R. M."

With a violent effort Dicky flung him off. It was no use. Calvert had him before he could get away, and, flinging him down again, threw all his weight on top of him.

"No you don't!" he snapped. "You'll just lie where you are, and wait there till we've settled your case. What have you done with those deeds, eh?"

For the moment Dicky had been quite unable to speak, for Calvert's heavy weight had knocked all the breath out of his body. But now he had got it back a little, and he managed to answer.

"You talk like that!" he said bitterly. "Why, you've been hunting them yourself, for days past. You can say what you like, but Burland and I both heard every word you said to Janion the other day up at the Marl Pits."

For the moment Calvert was quite taken back.

Tom chimed in.

"Yes, we heard. We know you were trying to bribe Janion to give you the bag. I suppose you wanted it to plant on Dent."

"And what were you doing in the Swallet Hole last night?" added Dicky quickly.

Calvert saw the ears of Gilkes and Doran pricked with interest. He pulled himself together.

"I haven't the faintest notion what you're talking about," he said coolly. "I suppose you're trying to invent something to throw the blame off yourselves."

"Do you mean to deny you were talking to Janion?" cried Dicky in sudden passion.

"Not a bit," was the quick answer. "As a matter of fact, I've been busy ever since the beginning of term trying to get to the bottom of things, and Doran and Gilkes can back me up in that. I tackled Janion to find out if he could tell me anything, for I knew he'd been there at the time of the accident. He helped to put me on the right scent, and if it hadn't been for your pal Last butting in I'd have got the rights of it days ago."

For the moment Dicky was so staggered by this bold tissue of lies that he could find nothing to say. It was Tom who answered. "You're a liar, Calvert," he said bluntly.

Calvert's lips twisted in fury. But he managed to control himself.

"No, I won't lick you," he said. "You and Dent are going to have a worse punishment than that. When the whole school knows what you've done you'll have a sweet time of it. Oh, you're going to enjoy yourselves, I can tell you!" He laughed, a nasty, grating laugh.

CHAPTER 58

Sent to Coventry

"WHAT do you think he's going to do?" asked Dicky.

It was just before tea, and he and Tom were walking together round the quadrangle in the chilly darkness of the evening.

"Calvert, you mean?"

"Yes, of course," said Dicky.

"Why, it's clear as mud! He means to start the yarn that you bagged Miss Morland's property, and that you've hidden the deeds somewhere and that you and I have been saving up the money until now, so as to avoid suspicion."

Dicky nodded.

"Yes, that's about the size of it, I suppose. The question is, will the other chaps believe him?"

"A lot of them will," answered Tom gravely. "You see, Calvert can make up a pretty good story."

"And he's got the bag to show," added Dicky.

"Then that's what he's been wanting it for all along, I suppose," said Tom. "That's why he tried to buy it from Janion?"

Dicky shook his head.

"No. He wanted to plant it on Joe Last. He hates Joe even more than he does us. It was only because Joe is out of the way and because Calvert found out that I had the bag that he changed his mind."

"How did he know you had the bag?"

"Why, from Janion, of course. And the chances are that he looked in my dormitory locker last night and spotted it there."

"Then why didn't he collar it at once?" asked Tom.

"Because he wanted witnesses. I expect he watched me put it in my play-box this morning, and then got Gilkes and Doran, and the whole three waited until we came into the box-room."

"He's an awful brute," stated Tom plainly.

Dicky smiled wryly.

"Of course he is. But it won't do any good abusing him. We've got to try to find some way out of this horrible business."

Before Tom could find anything to say, the tea-bell rang, and they had to hurry to the dining hall. As they took their seats they were both conscious that everyone was looking at them, and that the glances were not friendly.

Dicky's heart sank, for he realised that Calvert had been as good as his word, and that he had already spread the story about the school.

But he took his seat quietly. He and Tom helped themselves out of their pot of jam. Then he passed the pot across to the boy opposite, a boy called Hamilton who was in the same form as Tom and himself, and with whom they generally shared good things.

"Have some jam, Hamilton?" he said.

Hamilton did not answer, and Dicky repeated his question in a louder voice. Still no reply, and Dicky became aware that Hamilton was not even looking at him.

In a flash the truth burst upon him. He and Tom had already been sent to Coventry. The order had gone out that they were to be ignored—treated simply as if they did not exist. He felt himself going hot all over.

Tom, however, was equal to the occasion.

"Poor dear!" he said sarcastically. "Hamilton has gone deaf and dumb. Never mind, Dicky. There'll be all the more for us."

Hamilton looked foolish, some boys grinned, others scowled, but not a soul said one word to either Dicky or Tom during the rest of the meal.

The two went out together.

"So now we know," said Tom grimly. "This is going to be pretty beastly, old man."

"Do they all believe I'm a thief?" asked Dicky bitterly.

"Not all," replied Tom, "but

those who don't are afraid to say so. They think they might find themselves in the same box with us."

"I wish I could think what was the best thing to do," said Dicky. "Professor Perrin told me to come to him if there was trouble. He's a jolly good sort."

Tom agreed.

"All the same you'd better not tackle him, I think."

"Why not?"

"Because he'd go to the Doctor or else to Inspector Croome. Then you can't tell what would happen."

Dicky nodded.

"Then you think we'd better wait a bit and see what happens?"

"That's the idea. Sit tight and hope for better times."

Tom's advice no doubt was good, but it was none too easy to follow, for the boycott held and the two boys found themselves absolutely cut off from their kind.

Their loneliness was appalling. Neither in class-room, hall, nor outside did anyone address a single word to them. They were treated as if they did not exist. Games were out of the question for no one would play with them. If they had not had one another to speak to they would have died of sheer loneliness.

CHAPTER 59

The Worst Week

A WEEK passed—the worst week Dicky had ever known. The boycott hit him even worse than it did Tom, for Dicky was a chummy, companionable sort, while Tom's nature was more silent and self-reliant.

At night Dicky would lie awake either shaking with anger against Calvert and all his friends, or else desperately but vainly planning for some way out of this horrible business. But in the day he went about with his head high, and to all appearance caring nothing for the way in which he was being treated.

Several boys were so struck by this that they were badly puzzled, and would like to have asked Dicky for an explanation. But, after all, there was the evidence of three boys that Miss Morland's bag had been found in Dicky's box, and neither Dicky nor Tom had offered to explain it.

It must be remembered, too, that there were a lot of boys who, like Dicky and Tom, were cut off from their sisters at Warley, and who were very sick and savage about the state of things. Everyone at Medland was silent and surly, and Dr. Fair himself was quite evidently depressed and unhappy. No wonder, for Miss Morland now refused even to

speak to him, and she had actually threatened to take the playing-fields away altogether.

Out of school Dicky and Tom spent as much time as was possible taking long walks, and more than once they secretly visited the Hollow in the vague hope of getting hold of Janion.

Janion, they found, was still living in the ruined cottage. He was evidently desperately hard up, for day by day he grew more shabby. His cheeks were beginning to fall in, and he looked savage and desperate. As far as Dicky and Tom could find out, he and Calvert had not met again.

It was on the second Wednesday—that is, just ten days after the Sunday of the storm—that Dicky and Tom, on their way down into the village, saw a tall boy walking in front of them.

"It's Philip Aylmer," whispered Dicky to Tom. "And looking like a lost dog. I wonder what he's after."

"Someone to stand him a feed, I expect," replied Tom, rather scornfully. "He's always cadging for a loan of sixpence or a lump of cake. I can't imagine how Joe ever had such a brother."

"He's only a half-brother," replied Dicky quickly.

"He's no good, anyhow," said Tom.

Dicky caught his chum by the arm. "There's Calvert," he said in a whisper, as the bully came out of Sugg's shop.

Philip Aylmer saw Calvert, and went quickly up to him, but what he said the chums could not hear. But they could hear Calvert's reply.

"Get out!" he said coarsely. "I'm sick of you and your begging. If you want cash you'd better go to that pretty brother of yours."

Pushing Philip roughly out of his way, he went on down the street and, turning the corner, disappeared.

Philip, who seemed to have no sense of shame, stood gazing greedily into Sugg's window at the buns and jam tarts which were spread temptingly on trays.

Dicky, who had come down to buy shoe-laces, took some money from his pocket, and was counting it as he went toward the shop door. Suddenly he felt a touch on his arm.

"Lend me a bob," came Philip's eager voice.

Dicky simply stared at him. It was the first time that any boy except Tom had spoken to him for more than a week.

"Lend me a shilling," repeated Philip. "I'll pay you next Saturday when I get my allowance."

"Will you talk to me in the meantime?" asked Dicky, and his voice rang with a scorn which he could not hide.

Philip stood looking covetously at the money in Dicky's hand.

"I—I—" he stammered.

"No, of course you won't," returned Dicky bitterly. "Here, take your shilling. I won't lend it you. I'll give it you."

He was in the act of putting the coin in Philip's eager hand when he was suddenly swung aside with a force that nearly knocked him off his feet. The shilling went clinking along the pavement, and he looked up, to see Joe Last striding down upon Philip.

Joe looked taller and leaner than ever, but his blue eyes were full of that same blazing anger that Dicky had seen more than once before. He caught Philip by the collar, and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat, then flung him aside.

"You miserable dog!" he cried. "I knew you were no good, but I'd never believed this if I hadn't seen it." He stopped, and stood breathing hard. "I'm done with you," he said bitterly. "Done with you; do you hear? You may be my brother, but I'm finished with you."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

A Great Statesman

AN Eton boy who had gone up to Oxford about a year after Peter the Great died failed to take a degree, and after travelling on the Continent for a time entered the army.

Then he went into Parliament, and, by his ability and hostility to the Government, drew upon himself the anger of Sir Robert Walpole, the Prime Minister, who exclaimed: "We must at all events muzzle that terrible cornet of horse."

But the young officer was not to be muzzled, and so, to punish him for his daring, the Minister had his commission taken away. What he lost by this, however, was more than made up to him by the high public esteem in which he came to be held.

The Duchess of Marlborough left him £10,000, "on account," as she said, "of his merit in the noble defence he has made for the support of the laws of England and to prevent the ruin of his country." And another admirer left him a fine estate.

The King disliked him greatly, but at the age of 48 he became practically Prime Minister, although he was nominally only a Secretary of State. Differences with the King led to his resignation in less than a year, but the people loudly demanded his return to office.

He was undoubtedly the wisest British statesman of his day, and he began a vigorous policy that made England great and gave her victories in all parts of the world. He knew his own ability and the weakness of his opponents, and declared to a duke, "My lord, I am sure I can save this country and nobody else can." This may sound like boasting, but it was a fact.

Again he had to resign, but after a few years was recalled to office. He formed a ministry, but ill-health had now sapped his vigour, and he could no longer take an active part in government.

Had he received the confidence and support of the King and regained his health, the story of the world for the last 150 years would have been very different from what it has been. The United States would probably have been British today.

Yet when, after trying to coerce the colonists, the Government turned round and wanted to make peace on any terms, this aged and 'sick' statesman went down to the House of Lords and spoke against such a policy.

Exhausted by his effort he fell back while trying to speak, was carried home, and died a few weeks later.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey, his debts were paid by the country, and a pension of £4000 a year conferred on his descendants. Here is his portrait. Who was he?



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PLAYTIME
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Come All Ye Jolly Shepherds that Whistle Through the Glen

D! MERRYMAN

BROWN: Did you notice, at the meeting, how Smith was buried in thought?

JONES: What could you expect? He was in a grave position.

□ □ □

Sad Tale of a Tail

A CROCODILE once, thin and pale,
Set out on the sea for a sail,
But he met a torpedo
And had such a feed-o.
He never could lash his own tail.

□ □ □

Do You Live Here?



What well-known town does this picture represent? Solution next week

Growing Downward

JOAN, aged six, and Kathleen, aged eight, were having an argument as to who was the taller.

"Of course you are not as tall as I am," said Kathleen. "You are only as high as my shoulder."

"Yes," admitted Joan, "but your feet don't go down any farther than mine; so I'm as tall as you that way!"

□ □ □

WHY is coffee like a blunt knife?
Because it must be ground before being used.

□ □ □

A Mighty Appetite

THERE was an old chief of Benares
Who was fearfully fond of stewed pears,
So they sealed him within
A thousand pound tin,
And he ate his way through unawares.

□ □ □

An Easy One

MR. SMITH was a man of regular habits.

He breakfasted each morning at 8 o'clock sharp, and he always had two eggs. He never bought these eggs, neither did he steal them; they were not given to him, and he did not keep fowls.

How did he obtain the eggs?

Answer next week

□ □ □

His Disappearing Dinner



"THAT'S a funny-looking centipede," thought Mr. Owl; "and a very large one, too!"



But it was merely the artful Mouse Family, who had adopted this clever idea to get safely past their old enemy.

Let Us Be Happy

LET'S oftener talk of noble deeds
And rarer of the bad ones,
And sing about our happy days
And not about the sad ones.

□ □ □

WHAT is it that requires many answers, though it never asks any questions?

A door-bell.

□ □ □

Arithmetical Problem

"OUR trade has increased enormously," said the manufacturer. "Last month the output of screws ran into six figures; and the strange thing is that if we produced four times the number the figures would be the same, but exactly reversed."

What was the output of screws?

Solution next week

□ □ □

A Hard-Headed Man

SOME years ago a stone was thrown at a very famous man, but it missed him. The attack caused a great sensation at the time, and many were the messages of congratulation on his lucky escape received by the man. These messages prompted the following verse from a great friend of his:

Talk no more of the lucky escape of the head

From a flint so unluckily thrown;
I think very different, with thousands indeed,

'Twas a lucky escape for the stone.

□ □ □

What is Wrong?



Test your powers of observation by finding what is wrong in this picture. Solution next week

□ □ □

WHAT English word of seven letters has just eight left after taking two away?

Freight. Take fr away, and eight remain.

□ □ □

The Fairy Fisherman

I WOULDN'T wish to take a trout,
I'd let them all swim free;
And even gudgeons, though they're small,
Are far too big for me.

For roach and dace I do not care
One single little bit;
And as for perch, the one I want
Is that on which I sit.

But if I have a piece of luck,
Out here beside the bog,
I hope before it's dawn to land
A tadpole goliwog.

□ □ □

WHAT English word contains the letter i five times?
Indiscriminative.

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Arithmetical Problem 28 and 13

The Broken Type

The proverb was: All is not gold that glitters

Events in History

Spanish Armada routed, 1588

Jacko Takes On the Job

THE barge was a pretty big one, and Jacko found it as much as he could do to keep it going.

"I've got an idea," he said to himself, "that there ought to be a horse in this picture. I'm sure I've seen them tramping along the towpath. I've got the barge all right; I wonder where the horse is?"

He stopped paddling and looked round him.

He hadn't far to look before he saw a sturdy old mare nibbling grass contentedly in a field a few yards away.

"There you are, my little beauty," said Jacko joyfully. "If I don't have you harnessed on inside sixty seconds I'll eat my hat."

He hopped ashore, pushed open a gate, and led the mare out.

She made no objection, and by the way she allowed herself to be roped up to the barge it was evidently no new experience for her.

Jacko had no doubts about it at all. He was giving her a friendly slap to start her off when he heard a shout.



"This is the job for me!" cried Jacko

"Coo!" muttered Jacko, getting ready to bolt. "Now I'm in for it!"

But before he could move a man strode up to him and demanded angrily where his father was.

"Ask me another," replied Jacko, who guessed at once that the man, seeing him with the barge, thought he belonged to it.

"What's he mean by keeping me waiting like this?" he went on. "If he couldn't do the job he shouldn't have taken it on."

"What is it you want?" inquired Jacko, scenting an adventure.

"Six tons of coals carried up to Headlands," answered the man. "A nice little load."

"I'll take 'em," said Jacko eagerly.

The man stared at him and looked doubtful.

"I will, honour bright," declared Jacko. "Where are they?"

"In my yard," replied the man; "close by."

As Jacko went off to help to fetch his load he couldn't help wondering what would happen if the real bargeman came along.

"He'd probably box my ears and spoil all the fun," he told himself. "Of course, if he was a real sport, he'd be grateful to me for getting him out of a hole."

But, as far as Jacko could see, there was no sign of him about; there was no sign of him when the man came out of the yard again and began to shovel the coal on to the barge. There were two of them at it, and Jacko soon made a third!

"This is the job for me!" cried Jacko, beaming from ear to ear.

"Steady on!" cautioned the man. "You're shovelling half of it into the water."

A little thing like that didn't worry Jacko, and soon the coal was aboard, and the men turned to go.

Jacko grinned more than ever.

"Get on with you!" he said to the mare. "Great Scott! Aren't I black?" he added, looking down at his clothes.

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

A Hot-Water Bottle with No Water

A metal bag for use as a hot-water bottle, or foot-warmer, is now being made which requires no hot water, the heat being produced by a very simple chemical action.

When the bottle is wanted the stopper is unscrewed for a second or two, and the air, entering the inside of the bottle, reacts with certain chemicals and produces heat, which causes the bottle to remain hot for eight to twelve hours.

Une Boule d'Eau Chaude sans Eau

On fabrique actuellement un sac en métal pour servir de boule d'eau chaude, ou de chauffe-pieds, pour lequel l'eau chaude n'est pas nécessaire, une action chimique très simple produisant la chaleur requise.

Quand on veut se servir de la boule on dévisse le bouchon pendant quelques secondes, et l'air, pénétrant à l'intérieur de la boule, réagit sur certains produits chimiques et produit de la chaleur qui se conserve de huit à douze heures.

Tales Before Bedtime

Moonlight

IT was Sybil's idea. The children had not been in bed very long before Sybil jerked her arms out, and called: "Are you asleep, Teddy?"

"No," answered Teddy.

"Why?"

"Because I've got a lovely idea," said Sybil. "Let's go back into the bathroom and see if your new boat really sails."

"Can we see?" asked Teddy, who always took a lot of persuading when Sybil had one of her naughty fits on.

"See!" she cried, jumping up. "Look at the moon! It's like daylight."

She ran out of the room, across the landing, and into the bathroom opposite. Teddy followed, and then they shut the door quietly and turned on the tap.

In a few minutes the bath was nearly full.

"That's enough," said Teddy.

"Turn it off now."

Sybil tried, but she found she couldn't move it.

"Let me try," said Teddy.

"You must have turned on the one the man was mending this morning. I heard him tell Daddie it wasn't to be used till he came back."

"Well, how could I know that?" said Sybil, crossly. "Hurry up! Can't you really turn it off? The bath's quite full. Oh, it's beginning to flow over! We'd better call Daddie," she cried in a frightened voice. "It's coming all over my feet!"

Just then a door opened noisily downstairs, and quick footsteps came running upstairs.

"Daddie!" screamed Sybil.

"The bath's running over and we can't stop it. It's making such a mess."

It made a worse mess before it had finished, for it came



"Turn it off," said Teddy

through the dining-room ceiling, and made a horrid patch on it.

"Why ever didn't you pull out the plug?" asked Daddie, when he thought they had been scolded enough and were safe back in bed again.

Sybil looked at Teddy and gasped.

"We were duffers!" she said. "We never thought of it!"

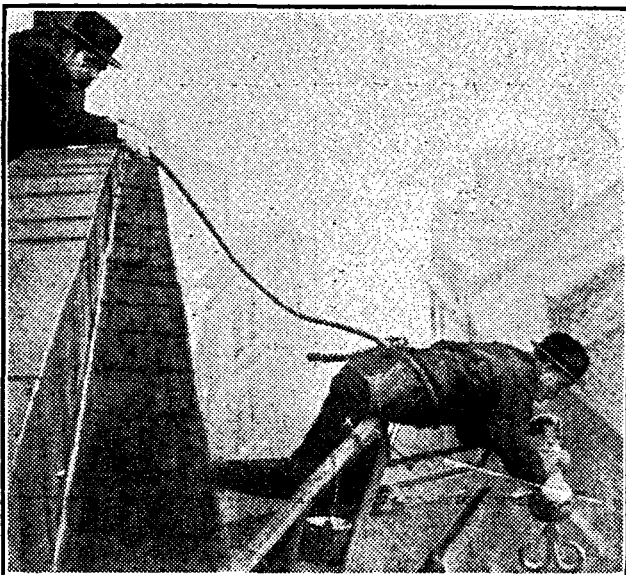
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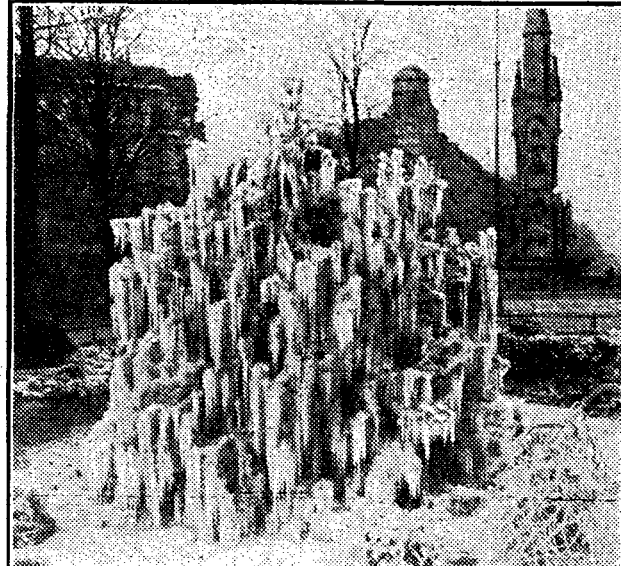
THE BLUE BOY GOES · PORTIA PLEADS IN COURT · JACK FROST, ARTIST



Leaning Down Over London—The men who work on and about the tall buildings in London have many exciting moments, and here we see a painter at work in an awkward position on a big crane



Lady Barrister Pleads in Court—Miss Kyle, who has appeared in the Dublin High Court, is the first woman barrister to fight a case



Jack Frost's Beautiful Work—This is not a decorated Christmas-tree, but a fountain in Berlin which was frozen while it was still playing during the recent cold weather. It is covered with icicles



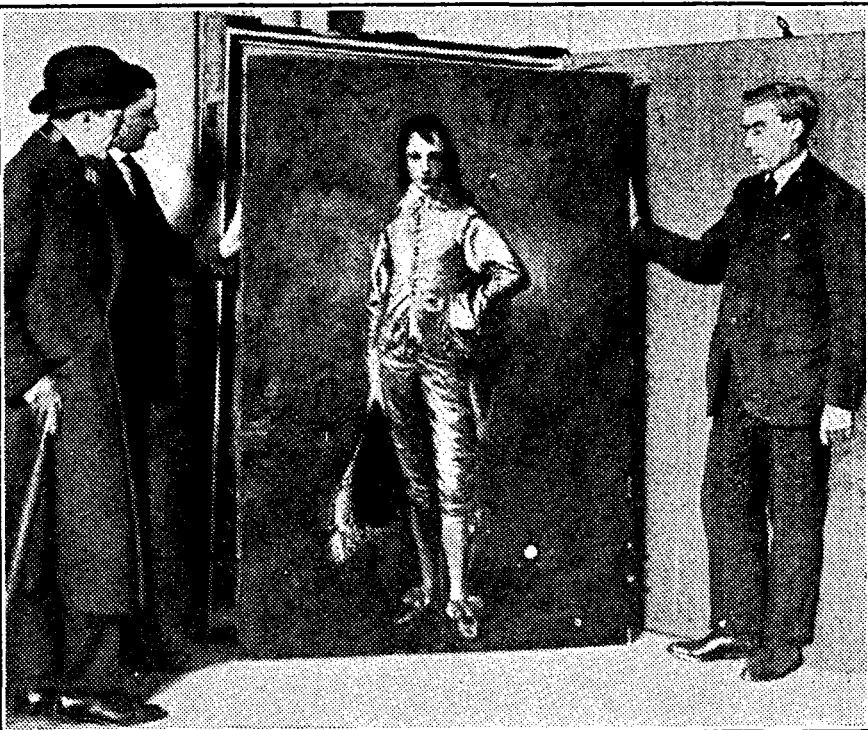
Teddy Goes for a Walk—A little Australian reader of the C.N. takes her big Teddy bear out with her and tries to teach it to walk



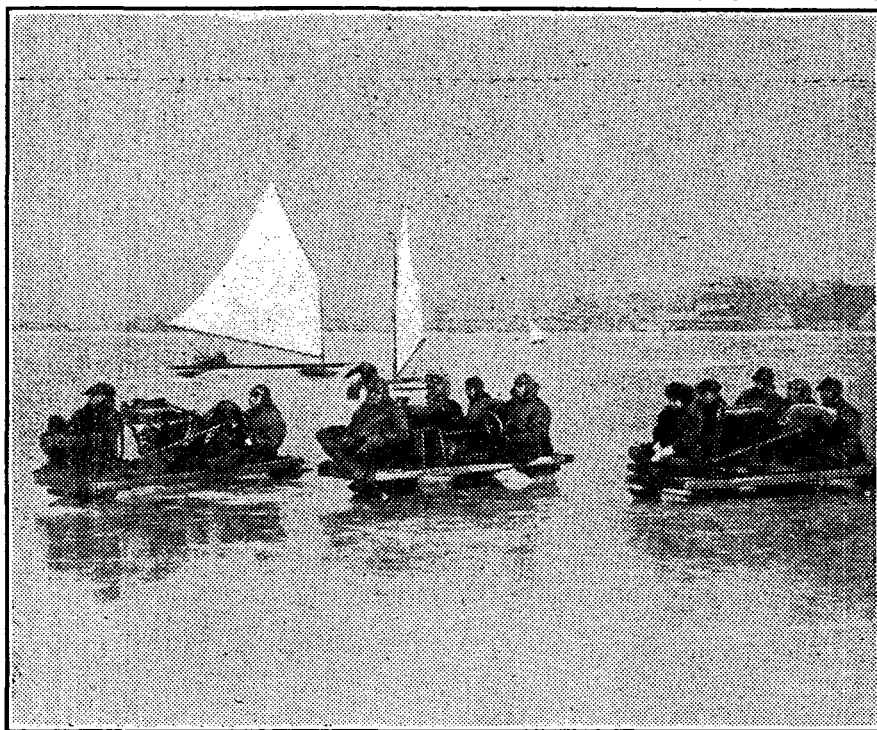
An Early Morning Ride in the Park—Horse-riding has always been a very popular recreation in England, and here we see a merry party of boys and girls, in charge of their riding-master, out for a canter in Hyde Park. This is the great meeting-place for riders in London, and well-known people may always be seen cantering up and down in Rotten Row



Off for a Run—Here is a new way of taking a dog for a run, but the terrier's little mistress on the pogo stick has hard work to keep up with the dog



The Last of the Blue Boy—Nearly a hundred thousand people visited the National Gallery to see the Blue Boy before the picture went to America, and here we see Gainsborough's famous picture being packed, ready for its voyage to its new home across the Atlantic



Motor Sleight Line Up for a Race—Driven by motor-cycle engines, these sleighs can travel at a great speed on the ice, and here they are just lining up for a race across a frozen lake in New Jersey. Races of this kind are very popular just now in America and Canada